1st edition

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENTLEMAN.

Multitudinis imperitæ non formido judicia; meis tamen, rogo, parcant opuſculis —— in quibus fuit propoſiti ſemper, a jocis ad ſeria, a ſeriis viciſſim ad jocos tranſire.

JOAN. SARESBERIENSIS,
Epiſcopus Lugdun.

VOL. III.

LONDON:
Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY in *Pall-Mall:*
M.DCC.LXI.

THE

LIFE and OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, Gent.

CHAP. I.

—— "*I Wiſh*, Dr. *Slop*," quoth my uncle *Toby* (repeating his wiſh for Dr. *Slop* a ſecond time, and with a degree of more zeal and earneſtneſs in his manner of wiſhing, than he had wiſhed it at firſt *) —— "*I wiſh*, Dr. *Slop*," *quoth* my uncle *Toby*, "*you had ſeen what* "*prodigious armies we had in Flanders.*"

* Vid. Vol. II. p. 159.

My uncle *Toby*'s wiſh did Dr. *Slop* a diſſervice which his heart never intended any man, —— Sir, it confounded him — and thereby putting his ideas firſt into confuſion, and then to flight, he could not rally them again for the ſoul of him.

In all diſputes, — male or female, — whether for honour, for profit or for love, —it makes no difference in the caſe; — nothing is more dangerous, madam, than a wiſh coming ſideways in this unexpected manner upon a man: the ſafeſt way in general to take off the force of the wiſh, is, for the party wiſhed at, inſtantly to get up upon his legs—and wiſh the *wiſher* ſomething in return, of pretty near the ſame value, — ſo balancing the account upon the ſpot, you ſtand as you were — nay ſometimes gain the advantage of the attack by it.

This

This will be fully illuſtrated to the world in my chapter of wiſhes. ——

Dr. *Slop* did not underſtand the nature of this defence; —— he was puzzled with it, and it put an entire ſtop to the diſpute for four minutes and a half; —— five had been fatal to it: —— my father ſaw the danger —— the diſpute was one of the moſt intereſting diſputes in the world, "Whether the child of his prayers and endeavours ſhould be born without a head or with one:" —— he waited to the laſt moment to allow Dr. *Slop*, in whoſe behalf the wiſh was made, his right of returning it; but perceiving, I ſay, that he was confounded, and continued looking with that perplexed vacuity of eye which puzzled ſouls generally ſtare with, —— firſt in my uncle *Toby*'s face —— then in his —— then up —— then down —— then

eaſt —— eaſt and by eaſt, and ſo on,—— coaſting it along by the plinth of the wainſcot till he had got to the oppoſite point of the compaſs,—and that he had actually begun to count the braſs nails upon the arm of his chair —— my father thought there was no time to be loſt with my uncle *Toby*, ſo took up the diſcourſe as follows.

CHAP. II.

"—WHAT prodigious armies you had in *Flanders!*"——

Brother *Toby*, replied my father, taking his wig from off his head with his right hand, and with his *left* pulling out a ſtriped *India* handkerchief from his right coat pocket, in order to rub his head,

as

as he argued the point with my uncle *Toby*.——

—— Now, in this I think my father was much to blame; and I will give you my reaſons for it.

Matters of no more ſeeming conſequence in themſelves than, "*Whether my father ſhould have taken off his wig with his right hand or with his left*," —— have divided the greateſt kingdoms, and made the crowns of the monarchs who governed them, to totter upon their heads.—But need I tell you, Sir, that the circumſtances with which every thing in this world is begirt, give every thing in this world its ſize and ſhape; —— and by tightening it, or relaxing it, this way or that, make the thing to be, what it is—great—little—good—bad——indifferent

or

or not indifferent, juſt as the caſe happens.

As my father's *India* handkerchief was in his right coat pocket, he ſhould by no means have ſuffered his right hand to have got engaged: on the contrary, inſtead of taking off his wig with it, as he did, he ought to have committed that entirely to the left; and then, when the natural exigency my father was under of rubbing his head, call'd out for his handkerchief, he would have had nothing in the world to have done, but to have put his right hand into his right coat pocket and taken it out; —which he might have done without any violence, or the leaſt ungraceful twiſt in any one tendon or muſcle of his whole body.

In this caſe, (unleſs indeed, my father had

had been reſolved to make a fool of himſelf by holding the wig ſtiff in his left hand—or by making ſome nonſenſical angle or other at his elbow joint, or armpit)—his whole attitude had been eaſy—natural—unforced: *Reynolds* himſelf, as great and gracefully as he paints, might have painted him as he ſat.

Now, as my father managed this matter,——conſider what a devil of a figure my father made of himſelf.

—In the latter end of Queen *Anne*'s reign, and in the beginning of the reign of King *George* the firſt—"*Coat pockets were cut very low down in the ſkirt.*"——I need ſay no more——the father of miſchief, had he had been hammering at it a month, could not have contrived a worſe faſhion for one in my father's ſituation.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

IT was not an eaſy matter in any king's reign, (unleſs you were as lean a ſubject as myſelf) to have forced your hand diagonally, quite acroſs your whole body, ſo as to gain the bottom of your oppoſite coat-pocket.—In the year, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighteen, when this happened, it was extremely difficult; ſo that when my uncle *Toby* diſcovered the tranſverſe zig-zaggery of my father's approaches towards it, it inſtantly brought into his mind thoſe he had done duty in, before the gate of St. *Nicholas*; — the idea of which drew off his attention ſo entirely from the ſubject in debate, that he had got his right hand to the bell to ring up *Trim*, to go and fetch his map of *Namur*, and his compaſſes and ſector along

along with it, to measure the returning angles of the traverses of that attack,—but particularly of that one, where he received his wound upon his groin.

My father knit his brows, and as he knit them, all the blood in his body seemed to rush up into his face——my uncle *Toby* dismounted immediately.

—I did not apprehend your uncle *Toby* was o' horseback.———

CHAP. IV.

A Man's body and his mind, with the utmost reverence to both I speak it, are exactly like a jerkin, and a jerkin's lining;—rumple the one—you rumple the other. There is one certain exception however in this case, and that is, when

when you are ſo fortunate a fellow, as to have had your jerkin made of a gum-taffeta, and the body-lining to it, of a ſarcenet or thin perſian.

Zeno, *Cleanthes*, *Diogenes Babylonius*, *Dyoniſius Heracleotes*, *Antipater*, *Panætius* and *Poſſidonius* amongſt the *Greeks*; — *Cato* and *Varro* and *Seneca* amongſt the *Romans*; — *Pantenus* and *Clemens Alexandrinus* and *Montaigne* amongſt the Chriſtians; and a ſcore and a half of good honeſt, unthinking, *Shandean* people as ever lived, whoſe names I can't recollect, — all pretended that their jerkins were made after this faſhion, —— you might have rumpled and crumpled, and doubled and creaſed, and fretted and fridged the outſides of them all to pieces; — in ſhort, you might have played the very devil with them, and at the ſame time, not one

one of the inſides of 'em would have been one button the worſe, for all you had done to them.

I believe in my conſcience that mine is made up ſomewhat after this ſort: — for never poor jerkin has been tickled off, at ſuch a rate as it has been theſe laſt nine months together, —— and yet I declare the lining to it, —— as far as I am a judge of the matter, it is not a three-penny piece the worſe; — pell mell, helter ſkelter, ding dong, cut and thruſt, back ſtroke and fore ſtroke, ſide way and long way, have they been trimming it for me: — had there been the leaſt gumminess in my lining, —— by heaven! it had all of it long ago been fray'd and fretted to a thread.

— You Meſſrs. the monthly Review-

ers! —— how could you cut and ſlaſh my jerkin as you did? —— how did you know, but you would cut my lining too?

Heartily and from my ſoul, to the protection of that Being who will injure none of us, do I recommend you and your affairs, — ſo God bleſs you; — only next month, if any one of you ſhould gnaſh his teeth, and ſtorm and rage at me, as ſome of you did laſt MAY, (in which I remember the weather was very hot) — don't be exaſperated, if I paſs it by again with good temper, —— being determined as long as I live or write (which in my caſe means the ſame thing) never to give the honeſt gentleman a worſe word or a worſe wiſh, than my uncle *Toby* gave the fly which buzz'd about his noſe all *dinner time*, —— "Go, —— go poor devil," quoth he, "—— get thee gone, —— why

"should I hurt thee? This world is surely "wide enough to hold both thee and me."

CHAP. V.

ANY man, madam, reasoning upwards, and observing the prodigious suffusion of blood in my father's countenance,—by means of which, (as all the blood in his body seemed to rush up into his face, as I told you) he must have redden'd, pictorically and scientifically speaking, six whole tints and a half, if not a full octave above his natural colour: —— any man, madam, but my uncle *Toby*, who had observed this, together with the violent knitting of my father's brows, and the extravagant contortion of his body during the whole affair, — would have concluded my father in a rage; and taking that for granted, ——

had he been a lover of ſuch kind of concord as ariſes from two ſuch inſtruments being put into exact tune,—he would inſtantly have ſkrew'd up his, to the ſame pitch; —— and then the devil and all had broke looſe — the whole piece, madam, muſt have been played off like the ſixth of Aviſon Scarlatti—*con furia*, — like mad. —— Grant me patience! —— What has *con furia*,—*con ſtrepito*,——or any other hurlyburly word whatever to do with harmony?

Any man, I ſay, madam, but my uncle *Toby*, the benignity of whoſe heart interpreted every motion of the body in the kindeſt ſenſe the motion would admit of, would have concluded my father angry and blamed him too. My uncle *Toby* blamed nothing but the taylor who cut the pocket-hole; —— ſo ſitting ſtill, till

my father had got his handkerchief out of it, and looking all the time up in his face with inexpreſſible good will—my father at length went on as follows.

CHAP. VI.

—"WHAT prodigious armies you had in *Flanders!*"

—Brother *Toby*, quoth my uncle, I do believe thee to be as honeſt a man, and with as good and as upright a heart as ever God created;—nor is it thy fault, if all the children which have been, may, can, ſhall, will or ought to be begotten, come with their heads foremoſt into the world:—but believe me, dear *Toby*, the accidents which unavoidably way-lay them, not only in the article of our begetting 'em,—though theſe in my opinion,

are well worth conſidering,—— but the dangers and difficulties our children are beſet with, after they are got forth into the world, are enow,—little need is there to expoſe them to unneceſſary ones in their paſſage to it.—— Are theſe dangers, quoth my uncle *Toby*, laying his hand upon my father's knee, and looking up ſeriouſly in his face for an anſwer,—— are theſe dangers greater now o' days, brother, than in times paſt? Brother *Toby*, anſwered my father, if a child was but fairly begot, and born alive, and healthy, and the mother did well after it,——our forefathers never looked further.——My uncle *Toby* inſtantly withdrew his hand from off my father's knee, reclined his body gently back in his chair, raiſed his head till he could juſt ſee the corniſh of the room, and then directing the buccinatory muſcles along his cheeks, and the orbi-

orbicular muſcles around his lips to do their duty——he whiſtled *Lillabullero*.

CHAP. VII.

WHILST my uncle *Toby* was whiſtling Lillabullero to my father,—Dr. *Slop* was ſtamping, and curſing and damning at *Obadiah* at a moſt dreadful rate;——it would have done your heart good, and cured you, Sir, for ever, of the vile ſin of ſwearing to have heard him.—I am determined therefore to relate the whole affair to you.

When Dr. *Slop*'s maid delivered the green bays bag, with her maſter's inſtruments in it, to *Obadiah*, ſhe very ſenſibly exhorted him to put his head and one arm through the ſtrings, and ride with it ſlung acroſs his body: ſo undoing the

bow-knot, to lengthen the ſtrings for him, without any more ado, ſhe helped him on with it. However, as this, in ſome meaſure, unguarded the mouth of the bag, leſt any thing ſhould bolt out in galloping back at the ſpeed *Obadiah* threatened, they conſulted to take it off again; and in the great care and caution of their hearts, they had taken the two ſtrings and tied them cloſe (purſing up the mouth of the bag firſt) with half a dozen hard knots, each of which, *Obadiah*, to make all ſafe, had twitched and drawn together with all the ſtrength of his body.

. . . . . .

This anſwered all that *Obadiah* and the maid intended; but was no remedy againſt ſome evils which neither he or ſhe foreſaw. The inſtruments, it ſeems, as tight as the bag was tied above, had

ſo

ſo much room to play in it, towards the bottom, (the ſhape of the bag being conical) that *Obadiah* could not make a trot of it, but with ſuch a terrible jingle, what with the *tire-tête*, *forceps* and *ſquirt*, as would have been enough, had *Hymen* been taking a jaunt that way, to have frightened him out of the country; but when *Obadiah* accelerated this motion, and from a plain trot aſſayed to prick his coach-horſe into a full gallop — by heaven! Sir,—the jingle was incredible.

As *Obadiah* had a wife and three children.— The turpitude of fornication, and the many other political ill conſequences of this jingling, never once entered his brain,——he had however his objection, which came home to himſelf, and weighed with him, as it has oft-times done with

the greateſt patriots. —— "*The poor fellow, Sir, was not able to hear himſelf whiſtle.*"

CHAP. VIII.

AS *Obadiah* loved wind muſick preferably to all the inſtrumental muſick he carried with him, —he very conſiderately ſet his imagination to work, to contrive and to invent by what means he ſhould put himſelf in a condition of enjoying it.

In all diſtreſſes (except muſical) where ſmall cords are wanted, ——nothing is ſo apt to enter a man's head, as his hat-band: ——the philoſophy of this is ſo near the ſurface—I ſcorn to enter into it.

As *Obadiah*'s was a mix'd caſe, —— mark, Sirs,—I ſay, a mix'd caſe; for it was

was obſtretical,—*ſcrip*-tical,—ſquirtical, papiſtical,—and as far as the coach-horſe was concerned in it,—caball-iſtical—and only partly muſical;—*Obadiah* made no ſcruple of availing himſelf of the firſt expedient which offered;—ſo taking hold of the bag and inſtruments, and gripeing them hard together with one hand, and with the finger and thumb of the other, putting the end of the hat-band betwixt his teeth, and then ſlipping his hand down to the middle of it,—he tied and croſs-tied them all faſt together from one end to the other (as you would cord a trunk) with ſuch a multiplicity of round-abouts and intricate croſs turns, with a hard knot at every interſection or point where the ſtrings met,—that Dr. *Slop* muſt have had three fifths of *Job*'s patience at leaſt to have unlooſed them.—I think in my conſcience, that had NATURE been in one of her

her nimble moods, and in humour for ſuch a conteſt —— and ſhe and Dr. *Slop* both fairly ſtarted together — there is no man living who had ſeen the bag with all that *Obadiah* had done to it,—and known likewiſe, the great ſpeed the goddeſs can make when ſhe thinks proper, who would have had the leaſt doubt remaining in his mind —— which of the two would have carried off the prize. My mother, madam, had been delivered ſooner than the green bag infallibly— at leaſt by twenty *knots*.——Sport of ſmall accidents, *Triſtram Shandy!* that thou art, and ever will be! had that trial been made for thee, and it was fifty to one but it had,——thy affairs had not been ſo depreſs'd—(at leaſt by the depreſſion of thy noſe) as they have been; nor had the fortunes of thy houſe and the occaſions of making them, which have ſo often preſented themſelves in the courſe

courſe of thy life, to thee, been ſo often, ſo vexatiouſly, ſo tamely, ſo irrecoverably abandoned — as thou haſt been forced to leave them! — but 'tis over, — all but the account of 'em, which cannot be given to the curious till I am got out into the world.

CHAP. IX.

GREAT wits jump: for the moment Dr. *Slop* caſt his eyes upon his bag (which he had not done till the diſpute with my uncle *Toby* about midwifery put him in mind of it) — the very ſame thought occurred. — 'Tis God's mercy, quoth he, (to himſelf) that Mrs. *Shandy* has had ſo bad a time of it,— elſe ſhe might have been brought to bed ſeven times told, before one half of theſe knots could have got untied.— But here,

here, you muſt diſtinguiſh —— the thought floated only in Dr. *Slop*'s mind, without ſail or ballaſt to it, as a ſimple propoſition; millions of which, as your worſhip knows, are every day ſwiming quietly in the middle of the thin juice of a man's underſtanding, without being carried backwards or forwards, till ſome little guſts of paſſion or intereſt drive them to one ſide.

A ſudden trampling in the room above, near my mother's bed, did the propoſition the very ſervice I am ſpeaking of. By all that's unfortunate, quoth Dr. *Slop*, unleſs I make haſte, the thing will actually befall me as it is.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

IN the case of *knots*, —— by which, in the first place, I would not be understood to mean slip-knots, —— because in the course of my life and opinions, —— my opinions concerning them will come in more properly when I mention the catastrophe of my great uncle Mr. *Hammond Shandy*, —— a little man, —— but of high fancy: —— he rushed into the duke of *Monmouth*'s affair: —— nor, secondly, in this place, do I mean that particular species of knots, called bow-knots; —— there is so little address, or skill, or patience, required in the unlooſing them, that they are below my giving any opinion at all about them. —— But by the knots I am speaking of, may it please your reverences to believe, that I mean good,

good, honeſt, deviliſh tight, hard knots, made *bona fide*, as *Obadiah* made his;—in which there is no quibbling proviſion made by the duplication and return of the two ends of the ſtrings through the annulus or nooſe made by the ſecond *implication* of them—to get them ſlipp'd and undone by———— I hope you apprehend me.

In the caſe of theſe *knots* then, and of the ſeveral obſtructions, which, may it pleaſe your reverences, ſuch knots caſt in our way in getting through life——every haſty man can whip out his penknife and cut through them.——'Tis wrong. Believe me, Sirs, the moſt virtuous way, and which both reaſon and conſcience dictate—is to take our teeth or our fingers to them.——Dr. *Slop* had loſt his teeth—his favourite inſtrument, by

by extracting in a wrong direction, or by ſome miſapplication of it, unfortunately ſlipping, he had formerly in a hard labour, knock'd out three of the beſt of them, with the handle of it:—he tried his fingers—alas! the nails of his fingers and thumbs were cut cloſe.—The deuce take it! I can make nothing of it either way, cried Dr. *Slop*.——The trampling over head near my mother's bed ſide increaſed.—Pox take the fellow! I ſhall never get the knots untied as long as I live.—My mother gave a groan—Lend me your penknife—I muſt e'en cut the knots at laſt - - - - - pugh! - - - pſha! - - - Lord! I have cut my thumb quite acroſs to the very bone—— curſe the fellow——if there was not another man midwife within fifty miles—I am undone for this bout——I wiſh the ſcoundrel hang'd——I wiſh he was ſhot——I wiſh

all

all the devils in hell had him for a block-head ——

My father had a great reſpect for *Obadiah*, and could not bear to hear him diſpoſed of in ſuch a manner —— he had moreover ſome little reſpect for himſelf —— and could as ill bear with the indignity offer'd to himſelf in it.

Had Dr. *Slop* cut any part about him, but his thumb —— my father had paſs'd it by —— his prudence had triumphed: as it was, he was determined to have his revenge.

Small curſes, Dr. *Slop*, upon great occaſions, quoth my father, (condoling with him firſt upon the accident) are but ſo much waſte of our ſtrength and ſoul's health to no manner of purpoſe.—I own it,

it, replied Dr. *Slop*. —— They are like ſparrow ſhot, quoth my uncle *Toby*, (ſuſpending his whiſtling) fired againſt a baſtion. —— They ſerve, continued my father, to ſtir the humours—but carry off none of their acrimony:—for my own part, I ſeldom ſwear or curſe at all —— I hold it bad—but if I fall into it, by ſurprize, I generally retain ſo much preſence of mind (right, quoth my uncle *Toby*) as to make it anſwer my purpoſe—that is, I ſwear on, till I find myſelf eaſy. A wiſe and a juſt man however would always endeavour to proportion the vent given to theſe humours, not only to the degree of them ſtirring within himſelf—but to the ſize and ill intent of the offence upon which they are to fall. —— "*Injuries come only from the heart*," —— quoth my uncle *Toby*. For this reaſon, continued my father, with the moſt *Cer-*

vantick gravity, I have the greateſt veneration in the world for that gentleman, who, in diſtruſt of his own diſcretion in this point, ſat down and compoſed (that is at his leiſure) fit forms of ſwearing ſuitable to all caſes, from the loweſt to the higheſt provocations which could poſſibly happen to him,—which forms being well conſider'd by him, and ſuch moreover as he could ſtand to, he kept them ever by him on the chimney piece, within his reach, ready for uſe.——I never apprehended, replied Dr. *Slop*, that ſuch a thing was ever thought of,——much leſs executed. I beg your pardon—anſwered my father; I was reading, though not uſing, one of them to my brother *Toby* this morning, whilſt he pour'd out the tea—'tis here upon the ſhelf over my head;——but if I remember right, 'tis too violent for a cut of the thumb.

thumb.——Not at all, quoth Dr. *Slop*—the devil take the fellow.—Then anſwered my father, 'Tis much at your ſervice, Dr. *Slop*——on condition you will read it aloud;——ſo riſing up and reaching down a form of excommunication of the church of *Rome*, a copy of which, my father (who was curious in his collections) had procured out of the leger-book of the church of *Rocheſter*, writ by ERNULPHUS the biſhop — with a moſt affected ſerioufneſs of look and voice, which might have cajoled ERNULPHUS himſelf,—he put it into Dr. *Slop*'s hands. —Dr. *Slop* wrapt his thumb up in the corner of his handkerchief, and with a wry face, though without any ſuſpicion, read aloud, as follows,—my uncle *Toby* whiſtling *Lillabullero*, as loud as he could, all the time.

Textus de Eccleſiâ Roffenſi, per Ernulfum Epiſcopum.

CAP. XXV.

EXCOMMUNICATIO.

EX auctoritate Dei omnipotentis, Patris, et Filij, et Spiritus Sancti, et ſanctorum canonum, ſanctæque et intemeratæ Virginis Dei genetricis Mariæ,

---

As the genuineneſs of the conſultation of the *Sorbonne* upon the queſtion of baptiſm, was doubted by ſome, and denied by others,——'twas thought proper to print the original of this excommunication; for the copy of which Mr. *Shandy* returns thanks to the chapter clerk of the dean and chapter of *Rocheſter*.

Atque

CHAP. XI.

"BY the authority of God Almighty, "the Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt, "and of the holy canons, and of the un- "defiled Virgin *Mary*, mother and patro- "neſs of our Saviour." I think there is no neceſſity, quoth Dr. *Slop*, dropping the paper down to his knee, and addreſſing himſelf to my father,——as you have read it over, Sir, ſo lately, to read it aloud;—and as Captain *Shandy* ſeems to have no great inclination to hear it,——I may as well read it to myſelf. That's contrary to treaty, replied my father,—beſides, there is ſomething ſo whimſical, eſpecially in the latter part of it, I ſhould grieve to loſe the pleaſure of a ſecond reading. Dr. *Slop* did not altogether like it,—but my uncle *Toby* offering at that inſtant to give

——— Atque omnium cœleſtium virtutum, angelorum, archangelorum, thronorum, dominationum, poteſtatuum, cherubin ac ſeraphin, & ſanctorum patriarchum, prophetarum, & omnium apoſtolorum et evangeliſtarum, & ſanctorum innocentum, qui in conſpectu Agni ſoli digni

over whiſtling, and read it himſelf to them; —— Dr. *Slop* thought he might as well read it under the cover of my uncle *Toby*'s whiſtling,—as ſuffer my uncle *Toby* to read it alone;—ſo raiſing up the paper to his face, and holding it quite parallel to it, in order to hide his chagrin,—he read it aloud as follows, —— my uncle *Toby* whiſtling Lillabullero, though not quite ſo loud as before.

" By the authority of God Almighty,
" the Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt, and
" of the undefiled Virgin *Mary*, mother
" and patroneſs of our Saviour, and of
" all the celeſtial virtues, angels, arch-
" angels, thrones, dominions, powers,
" cherubins and ſeraphins, and of all the
" holy patriarchs, prophets, and of all
" the apoſtles and evangeliſts, and of the
" holy innocents, who in the ſight of

digni inventi sunt canticum cantare novum, et sanctorum martyrum, et sanctorum confessorum, et sanctarum virginum, atque omnium simul sanctorum et electorum Dei, — Excommunicamus, et anathematizamus hunc furem, *vel* os vel hunc *vel* os malefactorem, s N. N. et a liminibus sanctæ Dei ecclesiæ sequestramus et æternis suppliciis excruciandus, *vel* i mancipetur, n cum Dathan et Abiram, et cum his qui dixerunt Domino Deo, Recede à nobis, scientiam viarum tuarum nolumus: et sicut aquâ ignis extinguitur, sic extinguatur lucerna ejus in secula seculorum nisi re- *vel* eorum spuerit, et ad satisfactionem venerit. n Amen.

Male-

" the holy Lamb, are found worthy to " ſing the new ſong of the holy martyrs " and holy confeſſors, and of the holy " virgins, and of all the ſaints together, " with the holy and elect of God. —— " May he," *(Obadiah)* " be damn'd," (for tying theſe knots.) —— " We ex- " communicate, and anathematiſe him, " and from the threſholds of the holy " church of God Almighty we ſequeſter " him, that he may be tormented, diſ- " poſed and delivered over with *Dathan* " and *Abiram*, and with thoſe who ſay " unto the Lord God, Depart from us, " we deſire none of thy ways. And as " fire is quenched with water, ſo let the " light of him be put out for evermore, " unleſs it ſhall repent him" (Obadiah, of the knots which he has tied) " and make " ſatisfaction" (for them.) Amen.

" May

Maledicat illum os Deus Pater qui hominem creavit. Maledicat illum os Dei Filius qui pro homine paſſus eſt. Maledicat illum os Spiritus Sanctus qui in baptiſmo effuſus eſt. Maledicat illum os ſancta crux, quam Chriſtus pro noſtrâ ſalute hoſtem triumphans, aſcendit.

Maledicat illum os ſancta Dei genetrix et perpetua Virgo Maria. Maledicat illum os ſanctus Michael, animarum ſuſceptor ſacrarum. Maledicant illum os omnes angeli et archangeli, principatus et poteſtates, omniſque militia cœleſtis.

Male-

" May the Father who created man, " curſe him.—May the Son who ſuffer- " ed for us, curſe him.—May the Holy " Ghoſt who was given to us in baptiſm, " curſe him (Obadiah.) — May the holy " croſs which Chriſt for our ſalvation " triumphing over his enemies, aſcend- " ed,— curſe him.

" May the holy and eternal *Virgin* " *Mary*, mother of God, curſe him. — " May St. *Michael* the advocate of holy " ſouls, curſe him.—May all the angels " and archangels, principalities and " powers, and all the heavenly armies, " curſe him." [Our armies ſwore terribly in *Flanders*, cried my uncle *Toby*,— but nothing to this. — For my own part, I could not have a heart to curſe my dog ſo.]

" May

Maledicat illum patriarcharum et prophetarum laudabilis numerus. Maledicat illum sanctus Johannes præcursor et Baptista Christi, et sanctus Petrus, et sanctus Paulus, atque sanctus Andreas, omnesque Christi apostoli, simul et cæteri discipuli, quatuor quoque evangelistæ, qui sua prædicatione mundum universum converterunt. Maledicat illum cuneus martyrum et confessorum mirificus, qui Deo bonis operibus placitus inventus est.

Maledicant illum sacrarum virginum chori, quæ mundi vana causa honoris Christi respuenda contempserunt. Maledicant illum omnes sancti qui ab initio mundi usque in finem seculi Deo dilecti inveniuntur.

Male-

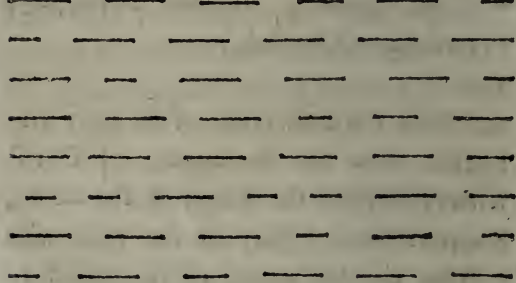
" May St. John the præ-curſor, and
" St. John the Baptiſt, and St. Peter
" and St. Paul, and St. Andrew, and all
" other Chriſt's apoſtles, together curſe
" him. And may the reſt of his diſ-
" ciples and four evangeliſts, who by
" their preaching converted the univerſal
" world, — and may the holy and won-
" derful company of martyrs and con-
" feſſors, who by their holy works are
" found pleaſing to God Almighty,
" curſe him (Obadiah.)

" May the holy choir of the holy vir-
" gins, who for the honour of Chriſt
" have deſpiſed the things of the world,
" damn him. — May all the ſaints who
" from the beginning of the world to
" everlaſting ages are found to be belov-
" ed of God, damn him. — May the
" heavens

Maledicant illum cœli et terra, et omnia ſancta in eis manentia.

Maledictus ſit ubicunque fuerit, ſive in domo, ſive in agro, ſive in viâ, ſive in ſemitâ, ſive in ſilvâ, ſive in aquâ, ſive in eccleſiâ.

Maledictus ſit vivendo, moriendo,—



manducando, bibendo, eſuriendo, ſitiendo, jejunando, dormitando, dormiendo, vigilando, ambulando, ſtando, ſedendo, jacendo,

" heavens and earth, and all the holy " things remaining therein, damn him," (Obadiah) " or her," (or whoever elſe had a hand in tying theſe knots.)

" May he (Obadiah) be damn'd where- " ever he be,—whether in the houſe or " the ſtables, the garden or the field, or " the highway, or in the path, or in the " wood, or in the water, or in the church. " —May he be curſed in living, in dying." [Here my uncle *Toby* taking the advantage of a *minim* in the ſecond barr of his tune, kept whiſtling one continual note to the end of the ſentence —— Dr. *Slop* with his diviſion of curſes moving under him, like a running baſs all the way.] " May he be curſed in eating and drink- " ing, in being hungry, in being thirſty, " in faſting, in ſleeping, in ſlumbering, " in walking, in ſtanding, in ſitting, in

jacendo, operando, quieſcendo, mingendo, cacando, flebotomando.

Maledictus ſit in totis viribus corporis.

Maledictus ſit intus et exterius.

Maledictus ſit in capillis; maledictus ſit in cerebro. Maledictus ſit in vertice, in temporibus, in fronte, in auriculis, in ſuperciliis, in oculis, in genis, in maxillis, in naribus, in dentibus, mordacibus, in labris ſive molibus, in labiis, in guttere, in humeris, in harnis, in brachiis, in manubus, in digitis, in pectore, in corde, et

" lying, in working, in reſting, in piſ-
" ſing, in ſhitting, and in blood-letting."

" May he *(Obadiah)* be curſed in all
" the faculties of his body.

" May he be curſed inwardly and out-
" wardly. — May he be curſed in the
" hair of his head. — May he be curſed
" in his brains, and in his vertex," (that is a ſad curſe, quoth my father) " in
" his temples, in his forehead, in his
" ears, in his eye-brows, in his cheeks,
" in his jaw-bones, in his noſtrils, in his
" foreteeth and grinders, in his lips, in
" his throat, in his ſhoulders, in his
" wriſts, in his arms, in his hands,
" in his fingers.

" May he be damn'd in his mouth, in

et in omnibus interioribus ſtomacho tenus, in renibus, in inguinibus, in femore, in genitalibus, in coxis, in genubus, in cruribus, in pedibus, et in unguibus.

Maledictus ſit in totis compagibus membrorum, a vertice capitis, uſque ad plantam pedis —— non ſit in eo ſanitas.

Maledicat illum Chriſtus Filius Dei vivi toto ſuæ majeſtatis imperio

" his breaſt, in his heart and purtenance,
" down to the very ſtomach.

" May he be curſed in his reins, and
" in his groin," (God in heaven forbid, quoth my uncle *Toby*) — " in his thighs,
" in his genitals," (my father ſhook his head) " and in his hips, and in his knees,
" his legs, and feet, and toe-nails.

" May he be curſed in all the joints
" and articulations of his members, from
" the top of his head to the ſoal of his
" foot, may there be no ſoundneſs in
" him.

" May the Son of the living God,
" with all the glory of his Majeſty"—
[Here my uncle *Toby* throwing back his head, gave a monſtrous, long, loud Whew—w—w—— ſomething betwixt

the interjectional whistle of *Hey day!* and the word itself.——

—By the golden beard of *Jupiter*—and of *Juno*, (if her majesty wore one), and by the beards of the rest of your heathen worships, which by the bye was no small number, since what with the beards of your celestial gods, and gods aerial and acquatick,—to say nothing of the beards of town-gods and country-gods, or of the celestial goddesses your wives, or of the infernal goddesses your whores and concubines, (that is in case they wore 'em) —— all which beards, as *Varro* tells me, upon his word and honour, when mustered up together, made no less than thirty thousand effective beards upon the pagan establishment; —— every beard of which claimed the rights and privileges of being stroked and sworn by, —

—— et insurgat adversus illum cœlum cum omnibus virtutibus quæ in eo moventur ad *damnandum* eum, nisi penituerit et ad satisfactionem venerit. Amen. Fiat, fiat. Amen.

by all these beards together then, —— I vow and protest, that of the two bad cassocks I am worth in the world, I would have given the better of them, as freely as ever *Cid Hamet* offered his, —— only to have stood by, and heard my uncle *Toby*'s accompanyment.]

—— "Curse him," —— continued Dr. *Slop*, —— "and may heaven with "all the powers which move therein, "rise up against him, curse and damn "him (Obadiah) unless he repent and "make satisfaction. Amen. So be it, "—so be it. Amen."

I declare, quoth my uncle *Toby*, my heart would not let me curse the devil himself with so much bitterness. —— He is the father of curses, replied Dr. *Slop*, ——So am not I, replied my uncle. ——

But he is curſed, and damn'd already, to all eternity,——replied Dr. *Slop*.

I am ſorry for it, quoth my uncle *Toby*.

Dr. *Slop* drew up his mouth, and was juſt beginning to return my uncle *Toby* the compliment of his Whu—u—u—— or interjectional whiſtle, —— when the door haſtily opening in the next chapter but one——put an end to the affair.

CHAP. XII.

NOW don't let us give ourſelves a parcel of airs, and pretend that the oaths we make free with in this land of liberty of ours are our own; and becauſe we have the ſpirit to ſwear them, ——imagine that we have had the wit to invent them too.

I'll

I'll undertake this moment to prove it to any man in the world, except to a connoiſſeur; —— though I declare I object only to a connoiſſeur in ſwearing, — as I would do to a connoiſſeur in painting, &c. &c. the whole ſet of 'em are ſo hung round and *befetiſh'd* with the bobs and trinkets of criticiſm, —— or to drop my metaphor, which by the bye is a pity, ——for I have fetch'd it as far as from the coaſt of *Guinea*;——their heads, Sir, are ſtuck ſo full of rules and compaſſes, and have that eternal propenſity to apply them upon all occaſions, that a work of genius had better go to the devil at once, than ſtand to be prick'd and tortured to death by 'em.

—— And how did *Garrick* ſpeak the ſoliloquy laſt night?—Oh, againſt all rule, my Lord, — moſt ungrammatically! betwixt

twixt the ſubſtantive and the adjective, which ſhould agree together in *number*, *caſe* and *gender*, he made a breach thus,— ſtopping, as if the point wanted ſettling; —— and betwixt the nominative caſe, which your lordſhip knows ſhould govern the verb, he ſuſpended his voice in the epilogue a dozen times, three ſeconds and three fifths by a ſtop-watch, my Lord, each time. ——— Admirable grammarian! ——— But in ſuſpending his voice —— was the ſenſe ſuſpended likewiſe? Did no expreſſion of attitude or countenance fill up the chaſm? — Was the eye ſilent? Did you narrowly look?— I look'd only at the ſtop-watch, my Lord. —— Excellent obſerver!

And what of this new book the whole world makes ſuch a rout about? — Oh! 'tis out of all plumb, my Lord, —— quite an irregular thing! — not one of

the angles at the four corners was a right angle.—I had my rule and compaſſes, &c. my Lord, in my pocket.——— Excellent critic!

— And for the epick poem, your lordſhip bid me look at; — upon taking the length, breadth, height, and depth of it, and trying them at home upon an exact ſcale of *Boſſu*'s,— 'tis out, my Lord, in every one of its dimenſions. ——— Admirable connoiſſeur!

—And did you ſtep in, to take a look at the grand picture, in your way back.— ——'Tis a melancholy daub! my Lord; not one principle of the *pyramid* in any one group! —— and what a price! —— for there is nothing of the colouring of *Titian*, —— the expreſſion of *Rubens*, — the grace of *Raphael*, —— the purity of

Domi-

Dominichino,—the *correggieſcity* of *Correggio*,—the learning of *Pouſſin*,—the airs of *Guido*,— the taſte of the *Carrachi*'s,—or the grand contour of *Angelo*.——Grant me patience, juſt heaven!——Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world,——though the cant of hypocrites may be the worſt,—the cant of criticiſm is the moſt tormenting!

I would go fifty miles on foot, for I have not a horſe worth riding on, to kiſs the hand of that man whoſe generous heart will give up the reins of his imagination into his author's hands,——be pleaſed he knows not why, and cares not wherefore.

Great *Apollo!* if thou art in a giving humour,——give me,——I aſk no more, but one ſtroke of native humour, with

a ſingle ſpark of thy own fire along with it, ——and ſend *Mercury*, with the *rules and compaſſes*, if he can be ſpared, with my compliments to —— no matter.

Now to any one elſe, I will undertake to prove, that all the oaths and imprecations, which we have been puffing off upon the world for theſe two hundred and fifty years laſt paſt, as originals, —— except St. *Paul*'s *thumb*, —— *God's fleſh and God's fiſh*, which were oaths monarchical, and, conſidering who made them, not much amiſs; and as kings oaths, 'tis not much matter whether they were fiſh or fleſh; —— elſe, I ſay, there is not an oath, or at leaſt a curſe amongſt them, which has not been copied over and over again out of *Ernulphus*, a thouſand times: but, like all other copies, how infinitely ſhort of the force and ſpirit of

of the original!—It is thought to be no bad oath,——and by itſelf paſſes very well—— "*G---d damn you.*"——Set it beſide *Ernulphus*'s——"God Almighty the Father damn you,—God the Son damn you,—God the Holy Ghoſt damn you,"——you ſee 'tis nothing.——There is an orientality in his, we cannot riſe up to: beſides, he is more copious in his invention,——poſſeſs'd more of the excellencies of a ſwearer,——had ſuch a thorough knowledge of the human frame, its membranes, nerves, ligaments, knittings of the joints, and articulations,—that when *Ernulphus* curſed,—no part eſcaped him.—'Tis true, there is ſomething of a *hardneſs* in his manner,—and, as in *Michael Angelo*, a want of *grace*,——but then there is ſuch a greatneſs of *guſto*!—

My father, who generally look'd upon every

every thing in a light very different from all mankind,—— would, after all, never allow this to be an original.——He conſider'd rather *Ernulphus*'s anathema, as an inſtitute of ſwearing, in which, as he ſuſpected, upon the decline of *ſwearing* in ſome milder pontificate, *Ernulphus*, by order of the ſucceeding pope, had with great learning and diligence collected together all the laws of it;——for the ſame reaſon that *Juſtinian*, in the decline of the empire, had ordered his chancellor *Tribonian* to collect the *Roman* or civil laws all together into one code or digeſt,—leſt through the ruſt of time,—and the fatality of all things committed to oral tradition, they ſhould be loſt to the world for ever.

For this reaſon my father would oftimes affirm, there was not an oath, from the

the great and tremendous oath of *William* the Conqueror, (*By the ſplendour of God*) down to the loweſt oath of a ſcavenger, (*Damn your eyes*) which was not to be found in *Ernulphus*.—— In ſhort, he would add,—I defy a man to ſwear *out* of it.

The hypotheſis is, like moſt of my father's, ſingular and ingenious too;—— nor have I any objection to it, but that it overturns my own.

CHAP. XIII.

——BLESS my ſoul!—— my poor miſtreſs is ready to faint,—— and her pains are gone,——and the drops are done,——and the bottle of julap is broke,——and the nurſe has cut her arm,—— (and I, my thumb, cried Dr. *Slop*) and

and the child is where it was, continued *Susannah*,——and the midwife has fallen backwards upon the edge of the fender, and bruised her hip as black as your hat.——I'll look at it, quoth Dr. *Slop*.——There is no need of that, replied *Susannah*,——you had better look at my mistress,——but the midwife would gladly first give you an account how things are, so desires you would go up stairs and speak to her this moment.

Human nature is the same in all professions.

The midwife had just before been put over Dr. *Slop*'s head.—He had not digested it.—No, replied Dr. *Slop*, 'twould be full as proper, if the midwife came down to me.—I like subordination, quoth my uncle *Toby*,—and but for it,

after the reduction of *Liſle*, I know not what might have become of the garriſon of *Ghent*, in the mutiny for bread, in the year Ten.———Nor, replied Dr. *Slop*, (parodying my uncle *Toby*'s hobby-horſical reflection, though full as hobby-horſically himſelf)—do I know, Captain *Shandy*, what might have become of the garriſon above ſtairs, in the mutiny and confuſion I find all things are in at preſent, but for the ſubordination of fingers and thumbs to * * * * * * —— the application of which, Sir, under this accident of mine, comes in ſo *a propos*, that without it, the cut upon my thumb might have been felt by the *Shandy* family, as long as the *Shandy* family had a name.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

LET us go back to the ****** —— in the laſt chapter.

It is a ſingular ſtroke of eloquence (at leaſt it was ſo, when eloquence flouriſhed at *Athens* and *Rome*, and would be ſo now, did orators wear mantles) not to mention the name of a thing, when you had the thing about you, *in petto*, ready to produce, pop, in the place you want it. A ſcar, an axe, a ſword, a pink'd-doublet, a ruſty helmet, a pound and a half of pot-aſhes in an urn, or a three-halfpenny pickle pot,——but above all, a tender infant royally accoutred.—Tho' if it was too young, and the oration as long as *Tully*'s ſecond *Philippick*,—— it muſt certainly have beſhit the orator's

mantle.——And then again, if too old, —it muſt have been unwieldy and incommodious to his action, — ſo as to make him loſe by his child almoſt as much as he could gain by it.—Otherwiſe, when a ſtate orator has hit the preciſe age to a minute,—hid his BAMBINO in his mantle ſo cunningly that no mortal could ſmell it,— and produced it ſo critically, that no ſoul could ſay, it came in by head and ſhoulders,—— Oh, Sirs! it has done wonders.——It has open'd the ſluices, and turn'd the brains, and ſhook the principles, and unhinged the politicks of half a nation.

Theſe feats however are not to be done, except in thoſe ſtates and times, I ſay, where orators wore mantles,—and pretty large ones too, my brethren, with ſome twenty or five and twenty yards of good purple,

purple, ſuperfine, marketable cloth in them, —— with large flowing folds and doubles, and in a great ſtile of deſign. ——All which plainly ſhews, may it pleaſe your worſhips, that the decay of eloquence, and the little good ſervice it does at preſent, both within, and without doors, is owing to nothing elſe in the world, but ſhort coats, and the diſuſe of *trunk-hoſe*. ——We can conceal nothing under ours, Madam, worth ſhewing.

CHAP. XV.

DR. *Slop* was within an ace of being an exception to all this argumentation: for happening to have his green bays bag upon his knees, when he began to parody my uncle *Toby*, ——'twas as good as the beſt mantle in the world to him: for which purpoſe, when he foreſaw the ſentence would end in his new

invented *forceps*, he thruſt his hand into the bag in order to have them ready to clap in, where your reverences took ſo much notice of the * * * * * *, which had he managed, — my uncle *Toby* had certainly been overthrown: the ſentence and the argument in that caſe jumping cloſely in one point, ſo like the two lines which form the ſalient angle of a raveline, — Dr. *Slop* would never have given them up; —— and my uncle *Toby* would as ſoon thought of flying, as taking them by force: but Dr. *Slop* fumbled ſo vilely in pulling them out, it took off the whole effect, and what was a ten times worſe evil (for they ſeldom come alone in this life) in pulling out his *forceps*, his *forceps* unfortunately drew out the *ſquirt* along with it.

When a propoſition can be taken in two ſenſes, ——'tis a law in diſputation That the reſpondent may reply to which of

of the two he pleaſes, or finds moſt convenient for hm. —— This threw the advantage of the argument quite on my uncle *Toby*'s ſide. —— "Good God!" cried my uncle *Toby*, "*are children brought into the world with a ſquirt?*"

CHAP. XVI.

—UPON my honour, Sir, you have tore every bit of the ſkin quite off the back of both my hands with your forceps, cried my uncle *Toby*,—and you have cruſh'd all my knuckles into the bargain with them, to a jelly. 'Tis your own fault, ſaid Dr. *Slop*, —— you ſhould have clinch'd your two fiſts together into the form of a child's head, as I told you, and ſat firm.——I did ſo, anſwered my uncle *Toby*. —— Then the points of my forceps have not been ſuffi-

ciently arm'd, or the rivet wants closing — or else the cut on my thumb has made me a little aukward, ——or possibly —— 'Tis well, quoth my father, interrupting the detail of possibilities,——that the experiment was not first made upon my child's head piece. —— It would not have been a cherry stone the worse, answered Dr. *Slop*. I maintain it, said my uncle *Toby*, it would have broke the cerebellum, (unless indeed the skull had been as hard as a granado) and turned it all into a perfect posset. Pshaw! replied Dr. *Slop*, a child's head is naturally as soft as the pap of an apple, ; —— the sutures give way,——and besides, I could have extracted by the feet after. ——Not you, said she.—I rather wish you would begin that way, quoth my father.

Pray do, added my uncle *Toby*.

CHAP.

C H A P. XVII.

—— AND pray, good woman, after all, will you take upon you to ſay, it may not be the child's hip, as well as the child's head? —— 'Tis moſt certainly the head, replied the midwife. Becauſe, continued Dr. *Slop*, (turning to my father) as poſitive as theſe old ladies generally are, —— 'tis a point very difficult to know, — and yet of the greateſt conſequence to be known; —— becauſe, Sir, if the hip is miſtaken for the head,— there is a poſſibility (if it is a boy) that the forceps *.

—— What the poſſibility was, Dr. *Slop* whiſpered very low to my father, and then to my uncle *Toby*. —— There is no ſuch

ſuch danger, continued he, with the head. —No, in truth, quoth my father, —but when your poſſibility has taken place at the hip, ——you may as well take off the head too.

—It is morally impoſſible the reader ſhould underſtand this, ——'tis enough Dr. *Slop* underſtood it; —— ſo taking the green bays bag in his hand, with the help of *Obadiah*'s pumps, he tripp'd pretty nimbly, for a man of his ſize, acroſs the room to the door, ——and from the door was ſhewn the way, by the good old midwife, to my mother's apartment.

CHAP. XVIII.

IT is two hours, and ten minutes, —and no more, —— cried my father, looking at his watch, ſince Dr. *Slop* and *Obadiah*

Obadiah arrived, —— and I know not how it happens, brother *Toby*, —— but to my imagination it ſeems almoſt an age.

—— Here —— pray, Sir, take hold of my cap,—nay, take the bell along with it, and my pantoufles too. ——

Now, Sir, they are all at your ſervice; and I freely make you a preſent of 'em, on condition, you give me all your attention to this chapter.

Though my father ſaid, "*he knew not* "*how it happen'd*,"—yet he knew very well, how it happen'd; —— and at the inſtant he ſpoke it, was pre-determined in his mind, to give my uncle *Toby* a clear account of the matter by a metaphyſical diſſertation upon the ſubject of *duration*

and

and its ſimple modes, in order to ſhew my uncle *Toby*, by what mechaniſm and menſurations in the brain it came to paſs, that the rapid ſucceſſion of their ideas, and the eternal ſcampering of diſcourſe from one thing to another, ſince Dr. *Slop* had come into the room, had lengthened out ſo ſhort a period, to ſo inconceivable an extent. —— "I know not how it happens, —— cried my father, —— "but it ſeems "an age."

—'Tis owing, entirely, quoth my uncle *Toby*, to the ſucceſſion of our ideas.

My father, who had an itch in common with all philoſophers, of reaſoning upon every thing which happened, and accounting for it too, —— propoſed infinite pleaſure to himſelf in this, of the ſucceſſion of ideas, and had not the leaſt apprehenſion

henſion of having it ſnatch'd out of his hands by my uncle *Toby*, who (honeſt man!) generally took every thing as it happened; —— and who, of all men in the world, troubled his brain the leaſt with abſtruſe thinking; — the ideas of time and ſpace, —— or how we came by thoſe ideas, —— or of what ſtuff they were made, — or whether they were born with us, —— or we pick'd them up afterwards as we went along, — or whether we did it in frocks, — or not till we had got into breeches, — with a thouſand other inquiries and diſputes about INFINITY, PRESCIENCE, LIBERTY, NECESSITY, and ſo forth, upon whoſe deſperate and unconquerable theories, ſo many fine heads have been turned and crack'd, — never did my uncle *Toby*'s the leaſt injury at all; my father knew it, —— and was no leſs ſurpriſed, than he

was

was disappointed with my uncle's fortuitous solution.

Do you understand the theory of that affair? replied my father.

Not I, quoth my uncle.

—— But you have some ideas, said my father, of what you talk about.——

No more than my horse, replied my uncle *Toby*.

Gracious heaven! cried my father, looking upwards, and clasping his two hands together,——there is a worth in thy honest ignorance, brother *Toby*, — 'twere almost a pity to exchange it for a knowledge.———But I'll tell thee.——

To underſtand what *time* is aright, without which we never can comprehend *infinity*, inſomuch as one is a portion of the other, —— we ought ſeriouſly to ſit down and conſider what idea it is, we have of *duration*, ſo as to give a ſatisfactory account, how we came by it.—What is that to any body? quoth my uncle *Toby*. * *For if you will turn your eyes inwards upon your mind*, continued my father, *and obſerve attentively, you will perceive, brother, that whilſt you and I are talking together, and thinking and ſmoaking our pipes: or whilſt we receive ſucceſſively ideas in our minds, we know that we do exiſt, and ſo we eſtimate the exiſtence, or the continuation of the exiſtence of ourſelves, or any thing elſe commenſurate to the ſucceſſion of any ideas in our minds, the duration of ourſelves, or any ſuch other thing co exiſting with our think-*

* Vid. Locke.

thinking, —— *and ſo according to that preconceived* —You puzzle me to death, cried my uncle *Toby*.—

——'Tis owing to this, replied my father, that in our computations of *time*, we are ſo uſed to minutes, hours, weeks, and months, —— and of clocks (I wiſh there was not a clock in the kingdom) to meaſure out their ſeveral portions to us, and to thoſe who belong to us, —— that 'twill be well, if in time to come, the *ſucceſſion of our ideas* be of any uſe or ſervice to us at all.

Now, whether we obſerve it or no, continued my father, in every ſound man's head, there is a regular ſucceſſion of ideas of one ſort or other, which follow each other in train juſt like —— A train of artillery? ſaid my uncle *Toby*.—A train

of a fiddle ſtick! — quoth my father, — which follow and ſucceed one another in our minds at certain diſtances, juſt like the images in the inſide of a lanthorn turned round by the heat of a candle. — I declare, quoth my uncle *Toby*, mine are like a ſmoak-jack. —— Then, brother *Toby*, I have nothing more to ſay to you upon the ſubject, ſaid my father.

CHAP. XIX.

——WHAT a conjuncture was here loſt! —— My father in one of his beſt explanatory moods,— in eager purſuit of a metaphyſic point into the very r egions where clouds and thick darkneſs would ſoon have encompaſſed it about; ——— my uncle *Toby* in one of the fineſt diſpoſitions for it in the world; —his head like a ſmoak-jack; —— the funnel unſwept, and the ideas

whirling round and round about in it, all obfuſcated and darkened over with fuliginous matter!——By the tomb ſtone of *Lucian*——if it is in being,——if not, why then, by his aſhes! by the aſhes of my dear *Rabelais*, and dearer *Cervantes*,——my father and my uncle *Toby*'s diſcourſe upon TIME and ETERNITY,— was a diſcourſe devoutly to be wiſhed for! and the petulancy of my father's humour in putting a ſtop to it, as he did, was a robbery of the *Ontologic treaſury*, of ſuch a jewel, as no coalition of great occaſions and great men, are ever likely to reſtore to it again.

CHAP. XX.

THO' my father perſiſted in not going on with the diſcourſe,—yet he could not get my uncle *Toby*'s ſmoak-jack

jack out of his head, — piqued as he was at firſt with it; —— there was ſomething in the compariſon at the bottom, which hit his fancy; for which purpoſe reſting his elbow upon the table, and reclining the right ſide of his head upon the palm of his hand, —— but looking firſt ſtedfaſtly in the fire, —— he began to commune with himſelf and philoſophize about it: but his ſpirits being wore out with the fatigues of inveſtigating new tracts, and the conſtant exertion of his faculties upon that variety of ſubjects which had taken their turn in the diſcourſe, —— the idea of the ſmoak-jack ſoon turned all his ideas upſide down, — ſo that he fell aſleep almoſt before he knew what he was about.

As for my uncle *Toby*, his ſmoak-jack had not made a dozen revolutions, before

he fell asleep also. —— Peace be with them both. —— Dr. *Slop* is engaged with the midwife, and my mother above stairs. — *Trim* is busy in turning an old pair of jack-boots into a couple of mortars to be employed in the siege of *Messina* next summer, —— and is this instant boring the touch holes with the point of a hot poker. —— All my heroes are off my hands; ——'tis the first time I have had a moment to spare,—and I'll make use of it, and write my preface.

THE

THE

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

NO, I'll not ſay a word about it, — here it is; —— in publiſhing it, —— I have appealed to the world, ——and to the world I leave it; ——it muſt ſpeak for itſelf.

All I know of the matter is, —— when I ſat down, my intent was to write a good book; and as far as the tenuity of my underſtanding would hold out, —a wife, aye, and a diſcreet,——taking care only, as I went along, to put into it all the wit and the judgment (be it more or leſs) which the great author and beſtower of them had thought fit originally to give

me,—— ſo that, as your worſhips ſee,— 'tis juſt as God pleaſes.

Now, *Agalaſtes* (ſpeaking diſpraiſingly) ſayeth, That there may be ſome wit in it, for aught he knows,——but no judgment at all. And *Triptolemus* and *Phutatorius* agreeing thereto, aſk, How is it poſſible there ſhould? for that wit and judgment in this world never go together; inaſmuch as they are two operations differing from each other as wide as eaſt is from weſt. — So, ſays *Locke*, — ſo are farting and hickuping, ſay I. But in anſwer to this, *Didius* the great church lawyer, in his code *de fartandi et illuſtrandi fallaciis*, doth maintain and make fully appear, That an illuſtration is no argument,— nor do I maintain the wiping of a looking-glaſs clean, to be a ſyllogiſm; —— but you all, may it pleaſe your worſhips,

ſhips, ſee the better for it, —— ſo that the main good theſe things do, is only to clarify the underſtanding, previous to the application of the argument itſelf, in order to free it from any little motes, or ſpecks of opacular matter, which if left ſwiming therein, might hinder a conception and ſpoil all.

Now, my dear Anti-Shandeans, and thrice able critics, and fellow-labourers, (for to you I write this Preface) —— and to you, moſt ſubtle ſtateſman and diſcreet doctors (do—pull off your beards) renowned for gravity and wiſdom; —*Monopolos* my politician, — *Didius*, my counſel; *Kyſarcius*, my friend;—*Phutatorius*, my guide;—*Gaſtripheres*, the preſerver of my life; *Somnolentius*, the balm and repoſe of it,—not forgetting all others as well ſleeping as waking,—eccleſiaſtical as civil, whom for brevity, but out of no

reſentment to you, I lump all together. ——Believe me, right worthy,

My moſt zealous wiſh and fervent prayer in your behalf, and in my own too, in caſe the thing is not done already for us, —— is, that the great gifts and endowments both of wit and judgment, with every thing which uſually goes along with them, ——ſuch as memory, fancy, genius, eloquence, quick parts, and what not, may this precious moment without ſtint or meaſure, let or hinderance, be poured down warm as each of us could bear it,—ſcum and ſediment an' all; (for I would not have a drop loſt) into theſe veral receptacles, cells, cellules, domiciles, dormitories, refectories, and ſpare places of our brains,—in ſuch ſort, that they might continue to be injected and tunn'd into, according to the true intent

intent and meaning of my wiſh, until every veſſel of them, both great and ſmall, be ſo repleniſhed, ſaturated and fill'd up therewith, that no more, would it ſave a man's life, could poſſibly be got either in or out.

Bleſs us!—what noble work we ſhould make! —— how ſhould I tickle it off! ——and what ſpirits ſhould I find myſelf in, to be writing away for ſuch readers! —and you,—juſt heaven!—— with what raptures would you ſit and read, —— but oh!——'tis too much,——I am ſick,—— I faint away deliciouſly at the thoughts of it!——'tis more than nature can bear! —— lay hold of me,—I am giddy,—I am ſtone blind,—— I'm dying,——I am gone.——Help! Help! Help!—But hold,—I grow ſomething better again, for I am beginning to foreſee, when this is over, that as we ſhall all of us conti-

nue to be great wits, — we ſhould never agree amongſt ourſelves, one day to an end: —— there would be ſo much ſatire and ſarcaſm, —— ſcoffing and flouting, with raillying and reparteeing of it, —— thruſting and parrying in one corner or another, —— there would be nothing but miſchief amongſt us.—Chaſte ſtars! what biting and ſcratching, and what a racket and a clatter we ſhould make, what with breaking of heads, and rapping of knuckles, and hitting of ſore places, —— there would be no ſuch thing as living for us.

But then again, as we ſhould all of us be men of great judgment, we ſhould make up matters as faſt as ever they went wrong; and though we ſhould abominate each other, ten times worſe than ſo many devils or devileſſes, we ſhould nevertheleſs, my dear creatures, be all courteſy and

and kindneſs, —— milk and honey,—— 'twould be a ſecond land of promiſe,—— a paradiſe upon earth, if there was ſuch a thing to be had,—ſo that upon the whole we ſhould have done well enough.

All I fret and fume at, and what moſt diſtreſſes my invention at preſent, is how to bring the point itſelf to bear; for as your worſhips well know, that of theſe heavenly emanations of *wit* and *judgment*, which I have ſo bountifully wiſhed both for your worſhips and myſelf, — there is but a certain *quantum* ſtored up for us all, for the uſe and behoof of the whole race of mankind; and ſuch ſmall *modicums* of 'em are only ſent forth into this wide world, circulating here and there in one by corner or another, — and in ſuch narrow ſtreams, and at ſuch prodigious intervals from each other, that one would wonder

wonder how it holds out, or could be ſufficient for the wants and emergencies of ſo many great ſtates, and populous empires.

Indeed there is one thing to be conſidered, that in *Nova Zembla*, *North Lapland*, and in all thoſe cold and dreary tracts of the globe, which lie more directly under the artick and antartick circles, —— where the whole province of a man's concernments lies for near nine months together, within the narrow compaſs of his cave,—— where the ſpirits are compreſſed almoſt to nothing,—— and where the paſſions of a man, with every thing which belongs to them, are as frigid as the zone itſelf; — there the leaſt quantity of *judgment* imaginable does the buſineſs, — and of *wit*, — there is a total and an abſolute ſaving,—for as not one ſpark is

is wanted,—ſo not one ſpark is given. Angels and miniſters of grace defend us! What a diſmal thing would it have been to have governed a kingdom, to have fought a battle, or made a treaty, or run a match, or wrote a book, or got a child, or held a provincial chapter there, with ſo *plentiful a lack* of wit and judgment about us! for mercy's ſake! let us think no more about it, but travel on as faſt as we can ſouthwards into *Norway*, —— croſſing over *Swedeland*, if you pleaſe, through the ſmall triangular province of *Angermania* to the lake of *Bothnia*; coaſting along it through eaſt and weſt *Bothnia*, down to *Carelia*, and ſo on, through all thoſe ſtates and provinces which border upon the far ſide of the *Gulf* of *Finland*, and the north eaſt of the *Baltick*, up to *Peterſbourg*, and juſt ſtepping into *Ingria*; ——— then ſtretching over directly from thence through

through the north parts of the *Ruſſian* empire—leaving *Siberia* a little upon the left hand till we get into the very heart of *Ruſſian* and *Aſiatick Tartary*.

Now throughout this long tour which I have led you, you obſerve the good people are better off by far, than in the polar countries which we have juſt left: — for if you hold your hand over your eyes, and look very attentively, your may perceive ſome ſmall glimmerings (as it were) of wit, with a comfortable proviſion of good plain *houſhold* judgment, which taking the quality and quantity of it together, they make a very good ſhift with,—and had they more of either the one or the other, it would deſtroy the proper ballance betwixt them, and I am ſatisfied moreover they would want occaſions to put them to uſe.

Now, Sir, if I conduct you home again into this warmer and more luxuriant island, where you perceive the spring tide of our blood and humours runs high, —where we have more ambition, and pride, and envy, and lechery, and other whoreson passions upon our hands to govern and subject to reason,—the *height* of our wit and the *depth* of our judgment, you see, are exactly proportioned to the *length* and *breadth* of our necessities,—and accordingly, we have them sent down amongst us in such a flowing kind of decent and creditable plenty, that no one thinks he has any cause to complain.

It must however be confessed on this head, that, as our air blows hot and cold, —— wet and dry, ten times in a day, we have them in no regular and settled way; —— so that sometimes for near half a century

century together, there ſhall be very little wit or judgment, either to be ſeen or heard of amongſt us: ——the ſmall channels of them ſhall ſeem quite dried up,—then all of a ſudden the ſluices ſhall break out, and take a fit of running again like fury,—you would think they would never ſtop:——and then it is, that in writing and fighting, and twenty other gallant things, we drive all the world before us.

It is by theſe obſervations, and a wary reaſoning by analogy in that kind of argumentative proceſs, which *Suidas* calls *dialectick induction*, — that I draw and ſet up this poſition as moſt true and veritable.

That of theſe two luminaries, ſo much of their irradiations are ſuffered from time

time to time to ſhine down upon us; as he, whoſe infinite wiſdom which diſpenſes every thing in exact weight and meaſure, knows will juſt ſerve to light us on our way in this night of our obſcurity; ſo that your reverences and worſhips now find out, nor is it a moment longer in my power to conceal it from you, That the fervent wiſh in your behalf with which I ſet out, was no more than the firſt inſinuating *How d'ye* of a careſſing prefacer, ſtifling his reader, as a lover ſometimes does a coy miſtreſs into ſilence. For alas! could this effuſion of light have been as eaſily procured, as the exordium wiſhed it— I tremble to think how many thouſands for it, of benighted travellers (in the learned ſciences at leaſt) muſt have groped and blundered on in the dark, all the nights of their lives, — running their heads againſt poſts, and knocking out

their brains without ever getting to their journies end; —— ſome falling with their noſes perpendicularly into ſtinks,—others horizontally with their tails into kennels. Here one half of a learned profeſſion tilting full butt againſt the other half of it, and then tumbling and rolling one over the other in the dirt like hogs.—— Here the brethren, of another profeſſion, who ſhould have run in oppoſition to each other, flying on the contrary like a flock of wild geeſe, all in a row the ſame way. — What confuſion! — what miſtakes! —fiddlers and painters judging by their eyes and ears,—admirable!— truſting to the paſſions excited in an air ſung, or a ſtory painted to the heart, —— inſtead of meaſuring them by a quadrant.

In the foreground of this picture, a *ſtateſman* turning the political wheel, like a brute,

a brute, the wrong way round — *againſt* the ſtream of corruption,—by heaven!— inſtead of *with* it.

In this corner, a ſon of the divine *Eſculapius*, writing a book againſt predeſtination; perhaps worſe,—feeling his patient's pulſe, inſtead of his apothecary's — a brother of the faculty in the back ground upon his knees in tears,—drawing the curtains of a mangled victim to beg his forgiveneſs;—offering a fee,—inſtead of taking one.

In that ſpacious HALL, a coalition of the gown, from all the barrs of it, driving a a damn'd, dirty, vexatious cauſe before them, with all their might and main, the the wrong way; —— kicking it *out* of the great doors, inſtead of, *in*, —— and with ſuch fury in their looks, and ſuch a de-

gree of inveteracy in their manner of kicking it, as if the laws had been originally made for the peace and preſervation of mankind:—perhaps a more enormous miſtake committed by them ſtill, — a litigated point fairly hung up;——for inſtance, Whether *John o'Nokes* his noſe, could ſtand in *Tom o'Stiles* his face, without a treſpaſs, or not,—raſhly determined by them in five and twenty minutes, which, with the cautious pro's and con's required in ſo intricate a proceeding, might have taken up as many months,—and if carried on upon a military plan, as your honours know, an ACTION ſhould be, with all the ſtratagems practicable therein,—ſuch as feints,—forced marches,—ſurprizes,— ambuſcades, — maſk-batteries, and a thouſand other ſtrokes of generalſhip which conſiſt in catechiſing at all advantages on both ſides, —— might

rea-

reaſonably have laſted them as many years, finding food and raiment all that term for a centumvirate of the profeſſion.

As for the clergy——— No — If I ſay a word againſt them, I'll be ſhot.— I have no deſire,— and beſides, if I had, —— I durſt not for my ſoul touch upon the ſubject, —— with ſuch weak nerves and ſpirits, and in the condition I am in at preſent, 'twould be as much as my life was worth, to deject and contriſt myſelf with ſo ſad and melancholy an account,—and therefore, 'tis ſafer to draw a curtain acroſs, and haſten from it, as faſt as I can, to the main and principal point I have undertaken to clear up,—— and that is, How it comes to paſs, that your men of leaſt *wit* are reported to be men of moſt *judgment*.—— But mark,—

I ſay, *reported to be*,——for it is no more, my dear Sirs, than a report, and which like twenty others taken up every day upon truſt, I maintain to be a vile and a malicious report into the bargain.

This by the help of the obſervations already premiſed, and I hope already weighed and perpended by your reverences and worſhips, I ſhall forthwith make appear.

I hate ſet deſſertations,——and above all things in the world, 'tis one of the ſillieſt things in one of them, to darken your hypotheſis by placing a number of tall, opake words, one before another, in a right line, betwixt your own and your readers conception,——when in all likelihood, if you had looked about you, might

might have ſeen ſomething ſtanding, or hanging up, which would have cleared the point at once, — " for what hinde-" rance, hurt or harm, doth the laudable " deſire of knowledge bring to any man, " if even from a ſot, a pot, a fool, a ſtool, a " winter-mittain, a truckle for a pully, " the lid of a goldſmith's crucible, an oyl " bottle, an old ſlipper, or a cane chair," — I am this moment ſitting upon one. Will you give me leave to illuſtrate this affair of wit and judgment, by the two knobs on the top of the back of it, —— they are faſten'd on, you ſee, with two pegs ſtuck ſlightly into two gimlet-holes, and will place what I have to ſay in ſo clear a light, as to let you ſee through the drift and meaning of my whole preface, as plainly as if every point and particle of it was made up of ſun beams.

I enter now directly upon the point.

——Here ſtands *wit*,—— and there ſtands *judgment*, cloſe beſide it, juſt like the two knobbs I'm ſpeaking of, upon the back of this ſelf ſame chair on which I am ſitting.

—— You ſee, they are the higheſt and moſt ornamental parts of its *frame*,——as wit and judgment are of *ours*,—— and like them too, indubitably both made and fitted to go together, in order as we ſay in all ſuch caſes of duplicated embelliſhments,—— *to anſwer one another*.

Now for the ſake of an experiment, and for the clearer illuſtrating this matter,—let us for a moment, take off one of theſe two curious ornaments (I care not which) from the point or pinacle of the chair it now

now ſtands on;—— nay, don't laugh at it.——But did you ever ſee in the whole courſe of your lives ſuch a ridiculous buſineſs as this has made of it? —— Why, 'tis as miſerable a ſight as a ſow with one ear; and there is juſt as much ſenſe and ſymmetry in the one, as in the other: — do,—pray, get off your ſeats, only to take a view of it. —— Now would any man who valued his character a ſtraw, have turned a piece of work out of his hand in ſuch a condition? —— nay, lay your hands upon your hearts, and anſwer this plain queſtion, Whether this one ſingle knobb which now ſtands here like a blockhead by itſelf, can ſerve any purpoſe upon earth, but to put one in mind of the want of the other;—— and let me further aſk, in caſe the chair was your own, if you would not in your conſciences think, rather than be as it is, that

it would be ten times better without any knobb at all.

Now these two knobs —— or top ornaments of the mind of man, which crown the whole entablature,—being, as I said, wit and judgment, which of all others, as I have proved it, are the most needful,—the most priz'd, —— the most calamitous to be without, and consequently the hardest to come at,——for all these reasons put together, there is not a mortal amongst us, so destitute of a love of good fame or feeding,——or so ignorant of what will do him good therein, —who does not wish and stedfastly resolve in his own mind, to be, or to be thought at least master of the one or the other, and indeed of both of them, if the thing seems any way feasible, or likely to be brought to pass.

Now

Now your graver gentry having little or no kind of chance in aiming at the one,—unleſs they laid hold of the other, —— pray what do you think would become of them? — Why, Sirs, in ſpight of all their *gravities*, they muſt e'en have been contented to have gone with their inſides naked:—this was not to be borne, but by an effort of philoſophy not to be ſuppoſed in the caſe we are upon, —— ſo that no one could well have been angry with them, had they been ſatisfied with what little they could have ſnatched up and ſecreted under their cloaks and great perrywigs, had they not raiſed a *hue* and *cry* at the ſame time againſt the lawful owners.

I need not tell your worſhips, that this was done with ſo much cunning and artifice,—that the great *Locke*, who was ſeldom

dom outwitted by falſe ſounds, —— was nevertheleſs bubbled here. The cry, it ſeems, was ſo deep and ſolemn a one, and what with the help of great wigs, grave faces, and other implements of deceit, was rendered ſo general a one againſt the *poor wits* in this matter, that the philoſopher himſelf was deceived by it, — it was his glory to free the world from the lumber of a thouſand vulgar errors; —— but this was not of the number; ſo that inſtead of ſitting down cooly, as ſuch a philoſopher ſhould have done, to have examined the matter of fact before he philoſophiſed upon it; —— on the contrary, he took the fact for granted, and ſo joined in with the cry, and halloo'd it as boiſterouſly as the reſt.

This has been made the *Magna Charta* of ſtupidity ever ſince, —but your reverences

rences plainly ſee, it has been obtained in ſuch a manner, that the title to it is not worth a groat; —— which by the bye is one of the many and vile impoſitions which gravity and grave folks have to anſwer for hereafter.

As for great wigs, upon which I may be thought to have ſpoken my mind too freely, —— I beg leave to qualify whatever has been unguardedly ſaid to their diſpraiſe or prejudice, by one general declaration ——That I have no abhorrence whatever, nor do I deteſt and abjure either great wigs or long beards, —— any further than when I ſee they are beſpoke and let grow on purpoſe to carry on this ſelf-ſame impoſture —— for any purpoſe, — peace be with them; — ☞ mark only, — I write not for them.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

EVERY day for at leaſt ten years together did my father reſolve to have it mended,——'tis not mended yet;—— no family but ours would have borne with it an hour,—and what is moſt aſtoniſhing, there was not a ſubject in the world upon which my father was ſo elegant, as upon that of door-hinges.—— And yet at the ſame time, he was certainly one of the greateſt bubbles to them, I think, that hiſtory can produce: his rhetoric and conduct were at perpetual handy-cuffs.——Never did the parlour-door open — but his philoſophy or his principles fell a victim to it; —— three drops of oyl with a feather, and a ſmart ſtroke of a hammer, had ſaved his honour for ever.

—— Inconſiſtent ſoul that man is!—languiſhing under wounds, which he has the power to heal!—his whole life a contradiction to his knowledge!—his reaſon, that precious gift of God to him—(inſtead of pouring in oyl) ſerving but to ſharpen his ſenſibilities,——to multiply his pains and render him more melancholy and uneaſy under them! — poor unhappy creature, that he ſhould do ſo! —— are not the neceſſary cauſes of miſery in this life enow, but he muſt add voluntary ones to his ſtock of ſorrow; —— ſtruggle againſt evils which cannot be avoided, and ſubmit to others, which a tenth part of the trouble they create him, would remove from his heart for ever?

By all that is good and virtuous! if there are three drops of oyl to be got, and a hammer to be found within ten miles of

of *Shandy-Hall*,—the parlour-door hinge ſhall be mended this reign.

CHAP. XXII.

WHEN corporal *Trim* had brought his two mortars to bear, he was delighted with his handy-work above meaſure; and knowing what a pleaſure it would be to his maſter to ſee them, he was not able to reſiſt the deſire he had of carrying them directly into his parlour.

Now next to the moral leſſon I had in view in mentioning the affair of *hinges*, I had a ſpeculative conſideration ariſing out of it, and it is this.

Had the parlour-door open'd and turn'd upon its hinges, as a door ſhould do———

—Or

— Or for example, as cleverly as our government has been turning upon its hinges, —— (that is, in caſe things have all along gone well with your worſhip,— otherwiſe I give up my ſimile) — in this caſe, I ſay, there had been no danger either to maſter or man, in corporal *Trim*'s peeping in: the moment, he had beheld my father and my uncle *Toby* faſt aſleep, —— the reſpectfulneſs of his carriage was ſuch, he would have retired as ſilent as death, and left them both in their arm-chairs, dreaming as happy as he had found them: but the thing was morally ſpeaking ſo very impracticable, that for the many years in which this hinge was ſuffered to be out of order, and amongſt the hourly grievances my father ſubmitted to upon its account, — this was one; that he never folded his arms to take his nap after dinner, but the thoughts of be-

ing unavoidably awakened by the firſt perſon who ſhould open the door, was always uppermoſt in his imagination, and ſo inceſſantly ſtep'd in betwixt him and the firſt balmy preſage of his repoſe, as to rob him, as he often declared, of the whole ſweets of it.

"*When things move upon bad hinges*, an' pleaſe your lordſhips, *how can it be otherwiſe?*

Pray what's the matter? Who is there? cried my father, waking, the moment the door began to creak. —— I wiſh the ſmith would give a peep at that confounded hinge. ——'Tis nothing, an' pleaſe your honour, ſaid *Trim*, but two mortars I am bringing in. ——They ſhan't make a clatter with them here, cried my father haſtily. —— If Dr. *Slop* has any drugs

drugs to pound, let him do it in the kitchen.——May it pleaſe your honour, cried *Trim*,—they are two mortar-pieces for a ſiege next ſummer, which I have been making out of a pair of jack-boots, which *Obadiah* told me your honour had left off wearing.——By heaven! cried my father, ſpringing out of his chair, as he ſwore,—I have not one appointment belonging to me, which I ſet ſo much ſtore by, as I do by theſe jack-boots,——they were our great-grandfather's, brother *Toby*,——they were *hereditary*. Then I fear, quoth my uncle *Toby*, *Trim* has cut off the entail.——I have only cut off the tops, an' pleaſe your honour, cried *Trim*.——I hate *perpetuities* as much as any man alive, cried my father,——but theſe jack-boots, continued he, (ſmiling, though very angry at the ſame time) have been in the family, brother,

ever since the civil wars; —— Sir *Roger Shandy* wore them at the battle of *Marston-Moor*.— I declare I would not have taken ten pounds for them.—— I'll pay you the money, brother *Shandy*, quoth my uncle *Toby*, looking at the two mortars with infinite pleasure, and putting his hand into his breeches-pocket, as he viewed them. —— I'll pay you the ten pounds this moment with all my heart and soul. ——

Brother *Toby*, replied my father, altering his tone, you care not what money you dissipate and throw away, provided, continued he, 'tis but upon a SIEGE. — Have I not a hundred and twenty pounds a year, besides my half-pay? cried my uncle *Toby*. —— What is that, replied my father, hastily, — to ten pounds for a pair of jack-boots? —— twelve guineas for your *pontoons*; —— half as much for your

your *Dutch*-draw-bridge;—to ſay nothing of the train of little braſs-artillery you beſpoke laſt week, with twenty other preparations for the ſiege of *Meſſina*; believe me, dear brother *Toby*, continued my father, taking him kindly by the hand,—theſe military operations of yours are above your ſtrength;—you mean well, brother,—but they carry you into greater expences than you were firſt aware of,—— and take my word,——dear *Toby*, they will in the end quite ruin your fortune, and make a beggar of you.—— What ſignifies it if they do, brother, replied my uncle *Toby*, ſo long as we know 'tis for the good of the nation.—

My father could not help ſmiling for his ſoul;—his anger at the worſt was never more than a ſpark,—and the zeal and ſimplicity of *Trim*,—— and the generous

(tho' hobby-horſical) gallantry of my uncle *Toby*, brought him into perfect good humour with them in an inſtant.

Generous ſouls! — God proſper you both, and your mortar-pieces too, quoth my father to himſelf.

CHAP. XXIII.

ALL is quiet and huſh, cried my father, at leaſt above ſtairs, — I hear not one foot ſtirring. —— Prithee, *Trim*, who is in the kitchen? There is no one ſoul in the kitchen, anſwered *Trim*, making a low bow as he ſpoke, except Dr. *Slop*. —— Confuſion! cried my father, (getting up upon his legs a ſecond time) —— not one ſingle thing has gone right this day! had I faith in aſtrology, brother, (which by the bye, my father had)

I would have ſworn ſome retrograde planet was hanging over this unfortunate houſe of mine, and turning every individual thing in it out of its place.—— Why, I thought Dr. *Slop* had been above ſtairs with my wife, and ſo ſaid you. — What can the fellow be puzzling about in the kitchen? —— He is buſy, an' pleaſe your honour, replied *Trim*, in making a bridge. —— 'Tis very obliging in him, quoth my uncle *Toby*; —— pray give my humble ſervice to Dr. *Slop*, *Trim*, and tell him I thank him heartily.

You muſt know, my uncle *Toby* miſtook the bridge as widely as my father miſtook the mortars; —— but to underſtand how my uncle *Toby* could miſtake the bridge,— I fear I muſt give you an exact account of the road which led to it; —— or to drop my metaphor, (for

there is nothing more diſhoneſt in an hiſtorian, than the uſe of one,) —— in order to conceive the probability of this error in my uncle *Toby* aright, I muſt give you ſome account of an adventure of *Trim*'s, though much againſt my will. I ſay much againſt my will, only becauſe the ſtory, in one ſenſe, is certainly out of its place here; for by right it ſhould come in, either amongſt the anecdotes of my uncle *Toby*'s amours with widow *Wadman*, in which corporal *Trim* was no mean actor,—or elſe in the middle of his and my uncle *Toby*'s campaigns on the bowling green, ——for it will do very well in either place; —— but then if I reſerve it for either of thoſe parts of my ſtory,— I ruin the ſtory I'm upon,—and if I tell it here—I anticipate matters, and ruin it there.

What

— What would your worſhips have me to do in this caſe?

—Tell it, Mr. *Shandy*, by all means. —— You are a fool, *Triſtram*, if you do.

O ye POWERS! (for powers ye are, and great ones too)—which enable mortal man to tell a ſtory worth the hearing, —that kindly ſhew him, where he is to begin it, — and where he is to end it,— what he is to put into it,—and what he is to leave out, — how much of it he is to caſt into ſhade, — and whereabouts he is to throw his light!——Ye, who preſide over this vaſt empire of biographical free-booters, and ſee how many ſcrapes and plunges your ſubjects hourly fall into;— will you do one thing?

I beg and beſeech you, (in caſe you will

will do nothing better for us) that wherever, in any part of your dominions it ſo falls out, that three ſeveral roads meet in one point, as they have done juſt here,—that at leaſt you ſet up a guide-poſt, in the center of them, in mere charity to direct an uncertain devil, which of the three he is to take.

CHAP. XXIV.

THO' the ſhock my uncle *Toby* received the year after the demolition of *Dunkirk*, in his affair with widow *Wadman*, had fixed him in a reſolution, never more to think of the ſex,——or of aught which belonged to it;— yet corporal *Trim* had made no ſuch bargain with himſelf. Indeed in my uncle *Toby*'s caſe there was a ſtrange and unaccountable concurrence of circumſtances which inſenſibly

ſenſibly drew him in, to lay ſiege to that fair and ſtrong citadel.——In *Trim*'s caſe there was a concurrence of nothing in the world, but of him and *Bridget* in the kitchen;——though in truth, the love and veneration he bore his maſter was ſuch, and ſo fond was he of imitating him in all he did, that had my uncle *Toby* employed his time and genius in tagging of points,—— I am perſuaded the honeſt corporal would laid down his arms, and followed his example with pleaſure. When therefore my uncle *Toby* ſat down before the miſtreſs,—corporal *Trim* incontinently took ground before the maid.

Now, my dear friend *Garrick*, whom I have ſo much cauſe to eſteem and honour,—(why, or wherefore, 'tis no matter)—can it eſcape your penetration,—I defy it,—that ſo many play-wrights, and opificers

opificers of chit chat have ever ſince been working upon *Trim*'s and my uncle *Toby*'s pattern. — I care not what *Ariſtotle*, or *Pacuvius*, or *Boſſu*, or *Ricaboni* ſay, — (though I never read one of them) —— there is not a greater difference between a ſingle-horſe chair and madam *Pompadour*'s *vis* a *vis*, than betwixt a ſingle amour, and an amour thus nobly doubled, and going upon all four, prancing throughout a grand drama.— Sir, a ſimple, ſingle, ſilly affair of that kind,—— is quite loſt in five acts, —— but that is neither here or there.

After a ſeries of attacks and repulſes in a courſe of nine months on my uncle *Toby*'s quarter, a moſt minute account of every particular of which ſhall be given in its proper place, my uncle *Toby*, honeſt man! found it neceſſary to draw off his

his forces, and raiſe the ſiege ſomewhat indignantly.

Corporal *Trim*, as I ſaid, had made no ſuch bargain either with himſelf —— or with any one elſe, —— the fidelity however of his heart not ſuffering him to go into a houſe which his maſter had forſaken with diſguſt, —— he contented himſelf with turning his part of the ſiege into a blockade; —— that is, he kept others off, — for though he never after went to the houſe, yet he never met *Bridget* in the village, but he would either nod or wink, or ſmile, or look kindly at her, — or (as circumſtances directed), he would ſhake her by the hand, —— or aſk her lovingly how ſhe did, —— or would give her a ribban, —— and now and then, though never but when it could be done with decorum, would give *Bridget* a ——

Pre-

Preciſely in this ſituation, did theſe things ſtand for five years; that is, from the demolition of *Dunkirk* in the year 13, to the latter end of my uncle *Toby*'s campaign in the year 18, which was about ſix or ſeven weeks before the time I'm ſpeaking of.—When *Trim*, as his cuſtom was, after he had put my uncle *Toby* to bed, going down one moon-ſhiny night to ſee that every thing was right at his fortifications, —— in the lane ſeparated from the bowling-green with flowering ſhrubs and holly,—he eſpied his *Bridget*.

As the corporal thought there was nothing in the world ſo well worth ſhewing as the glorious works which he and my uncle *Toby* had made, *Trim* courteouſly and gallantly took her by the hand, and led her in: this was not done ſo privately, but that the foul-mouth'd trumpet of Fame

Fame carried it from ear to ear, till at length it reached my father's, with this untoward circumſtance along with it, that my uncle *Toby*'s curious draw-bridge, conſtructed and painted after the *Dutch* faſhion, and which went quite acroſs the ditch,—was broke down, and ſome how or other cruſh'd all to pieces that very night.

My father, as you have obſerved, had no great eſteem for my uncle *Toby*'s hobby-horſe,—he thought it the moſt ridiculous horſe that ever gentleman mounted, and indeed unleſs my uncle *Toby* vexed him about it, could never think of it once, without ſmiling at it, —— ſo that it never could get lame or happen any miſchance, but it tickled my father's imagination beyond meaſure; but this being an accident much more to his humour

mour than any one which had yet befall'n it, it proved an inexhauſtible fund of entertainment to him. —— Well, —— but dear *Toby!* my father would ſay, do tell us ſeriouſly how this affair of the bridge happened. ——How can you teaze me ſo much about it? my uncle *Toby* would reply,—I have told it you twenty times, word for word as *Trim* told it me. —Prithee, how was it then, corporal? my father would cry, turning to *Trim*.—It was a mere misfortune, an' pleaſe your honour, ——I was ſhewing Mrs. *Bridget* our fortifications, and in going too near the edge of the foſſe, I unfortunately ſlip'd in.——Very well *Trim!* my father would cry,—(ſmiling myſteriouſly, and giving a nod, —— but without interrupting him) ——— and being link'd faſt, an' pleaſe your honour, arm in arm with Mrs. *Bridget*, I dragg'd her after

me, by means of which ſhe fell backwards ſoſs againſt the bridge, —— and *Trim*'s foot, (my uncle *Toby* would cry, taking the ſtory out of his mouth) getting into the cuvette, he tumbled full againſt the bridge too. — It was a thouſand to one, my uncle *Toby* would add, that the poor fellow did not break his leg. —Ay truly! my father would ſay, —— a limb is ſoon broke, brother *Toby*, in ſuch encounters. —— And ſo, an' pleaſe your honour, the bridge, which your honour knows was a very ſlight one, was broke down betwixt us, and ſplintered all to pieces.

At other times, but eſpecially when my uncle *Toby* was ſo unfortunate as to ſay a ſyllable about cannons, bombs or petards, —— my father would exhauſt all the ſtores of his eloquence (which indeed were very great) in a panegyric upon the

BATTERING-RAMS of the ancients, — the VINEA which *Alexander* made uſe of at the ſiege of *Tyre*. —— He would tell my uncle *Toby* of the CATAPULTÆ of the *Syrians* which threw ſuch monſtrous ſtones ſo many hundred feet, and ſhook the ſtrongeſt bulwarks from their very foundation;—he would go on and deſcribe the wonderful mechaniſm of the BALLISTA, which *Marcellinus* makes ſo much rout about,— the terrible effects of the PYRABOLI,—which caſt fire,—— the danger of the TEREBRA and SCORPIO, which caſt javelins. —But what are theſe, he would ſay, to the deſtructive machinery of corporal *Trim?*— Believe me, brother *Toby*, no bridge, or baſtion, or ſally port that ever was conſtructed in this world, can hold out againſt ſuch artillery.

My uncle *Toby* would never attempt

any defence againſt the force of this ridicule, but that of redoubling the vehemence of ſmoaking his pipe; in doing which, he raiſed ſo denſe a vapour one night after ſupper, that it ſet my father, who was a little phthiſical, into a ſuffocating fit of violent coughing: my uncle *Toby* leap'd up without feeling the pain upon his groin, — and, with infinite pity, ſtood beſide his brother's chair, tapping his back with one hand, and holding his head with the other, and from time to time, wiping his eyes with a clean cambrick handkerchief, which he pull'd out of his pocket. —— The affectionate and endearing manner in which my uncle *Toby* did theſe little offices, — cut my father thro' his reins, for the pain he had juſt been giving him. —— May my brains be knock'd out with a battering ram or a catapulta, I care not which,

quoth my father to himself, —— if ever I insult this worthy soul more.

CHAP. XXV.

THE draw-bridge being held irreparable, *Trim* was ordered directly to set about another, —— but not upon the same model; for cardinal *Alberoni*'s intrigues at that time being discovered, and my uncle *Toby* rightly foreseeing that a flame would inevitably break out betwixt *Spain* and the Empire, and that the operations of the ensuing campaign must in all likelihood be either in *Naples* or *Scicily*, —— he determined upon an *Italian* bridge, —— (my uncle *Toby*, by the bye, was not far out in his conjectures) —— but my father, who was infinitely the better politician, and took the lead as far of my uncle *Toby* in the cabinet, as my uncle

uncle *Toby* took it of him in the field, — convinced him, that if the King of *Spain* and the Emperor went together by the ears, that *England* and *France* and *Holland* muſt, by force of their pre-engagements, all enter the liſts too ;—— and if ſo, he would ſay, the combatants, brother *Toby*, as ſure as we are alive, will fall to it again, pell-mell, upon the old prize-fighting ſtage of *Flanders*;——then what will you do with your *Italian* bridge ?

——We will go on with it then, upon the old model, cried my uncle *Toby*.

When corporal *Trim* had about half finiſhed it in that ſtile,—— my uncle *Toby* found out a capital defect in it, which he had never thoroughly conſidered before. It turned, it ſeems, upon hinges at both ends of it, opening in the middle, one

half of which turning to one ſide of the foſſe, and the other, to the other; the advantage of which was this, that by dividing the weight of the bridge into two equal portions, it impowered my uncle *Toby* to raiſe it up or let it down with the end of his crutch, and with one hand, which, as his garriſon was weak, was as much as he could well ſpare, — but the diſadvantages of ſuch a conſtruction were inſurmountable, —— for by this means, he would ſay, I leave one half of my bridge in my enemy's poſſeſſion,—— and pray of what uſe is the other?

The natural remedy for this, was no doubt to have his bridge faſt only at one end with hinges, ſo that the whole might be lifted up together, and ſtand bolt upright, —— but that was rejected for the reaſon given above.

For

For a whole week after he was determined in his mind to have one of that particular conſtruction which is made to draw back horizontally, to hinder a paſſage; and to thruſt forwards again to gain a paſſage, —— of which ſorts your worſhips might have ſeen three famous ones at *Spires* before its deſtruction,—and one now at *Briſac*, if I miſtake not; —— but my father adviſing my uncle *Toby*, with great earneſtneſs, to have nothing more to do with thruſting bridges,—and my uncle foreſeeing moreover that it would but perpetuate the memory of the corporal's misfortune,—— he changed his mind, for that of the marquis *d'Hôpital*'s invention, which the younger *Bernouilli* has ſo well and learnedly deſcribed, as your worſhips may ſee, — *Act. Erud. Lips.* an. 1695, — to theſe a lead weight is an eternal ballance, and keeps watch as well as a

couple of centinels, inaſmuch as the conſtruction of them was a curve-line approximating to a cycloid,—— if not a cycloid itſelf.

My uncle *Toby* underſtood the nature of a parabola as well as any man in *England*,—but was not quite ſuch a maſter of the cycloid;—he talked however about it every day; —— the bridge went not forwards. ——We'll aſk ſomebody about it, cried my uncle *Toby* to *Trim*.

CHAP. XXVI.

WHEN *Trim* came in and told my father, that Dr. *Slop* was in the kitchen, and buſy in making a bridge,—my uncle *Toby*, —— the affair of the jack-boots having juſt then raiſed a train of military ideas in his brain,——took it inſtantly

ſtantly for granted that Dr. *Slop* was making a model of the marquis *d' Hôpital*'s bridge.——'Tis very obliging in him, quoth my uncle *Toby*;——pray give my humble ſervice to Dr. *Slop*, *Trim*, and tell him I thank him heartily.

Had my uncle *Toby*'s head been a *Savoyard*'s box, and my father peeping in all the time at one end of it,——it could not have given him a more diſtinct conception of the operations in my uncle *Toby*'s imagination, than what he had; ſo notwithſtanding the catapulta and battering-ram, and his bitter imprecation about them, he was juſt beginning to triumph.———

When *Trim*'s anſwer, in an inſtant, tore the laurel from his brows, and twiſted it to pieces.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVII.

——THIS unfortunate draw-bridge of yours, quoth my father — God bleſs your honour, cried *Trim*, 'tis a bridge for maſter's noſe.——In bringing him into the world with his vile inſtruments, he has cruſh'd his noſe, *Suſannah* ſays, as flat as a pancake to his face, and he is making a falſe bridge with a piece of cotton and a thin piece of whalebone out of *Suſannah*'s ſtays, to raiſe it up.

———Lead me, brothet *Toby*, cried my father, to my room this inſtant.

CHAP,

CHAP. XXVIII.

FROM the firſt moment I ſat down to write my life for the amuſement of the world, and my opinions for its inſtruction, has a cloud inſenſibly been gathering over my father.——A tide of little evils and diſtreſſes has been ſetting in againſt him.——Not one thing, as he obſerved himſelf, has gone right: and now is the ſtorm thicken'd, and going to break, and pour down full upon his head.

I enter upon this part of my ſtory in the moſt penſive and melancholy frame of mind, that ever ſympathetic breaſt was touched with.——My nerves relax as I tell it.——Every line I write, I feel an abatement of the quickneſs of my

my pulſe, and of that careleſs alacrity with it, which every day of my life prompts me to ſay and write a thouſand things I ſhould not.—And this moment that I laſt dipp'd my pen into my ink, I could not help taking notice what a cautious air of ſad compoſure and ſolemnity there appear'd in my manner of doing it.—Lord! how different from the raſh jerks, and hare-brain'd ſquirts thou art wont, *Triſtram!* to tranſact it with in other humours,—dropping thy pen,—ſpurting thy ink about thy table and thy books,—as if thy pen and thy ink, thy books and thy furniture coſt thee nothing.

CHAP. XXIX.

—I WON'T go about to argue the point with you,—'tis ſo,—and I am

I am perſuaded of it, madam, as much as can be, "That both man and woman "bear pain or ſorrow, (and, for aught I "know, pleaſure too) beſt in a horizon-"tal poſition."

The moment my father got up into his chamber, he threw himſelf proſtrate acroſs his bed in the wildeſt diſorder imaginable, but at the ſame time, in the moſt lamentable attitude of a man borne down with ſorrows, that ever the eye of pity dropp'd a tear for.——The palm of his right hand, as he fell upon the bed, receiving his forehead, and covering the greateſt part of both his eyes, gently ſunk down with his head (his elbow giving way backwards) till his noſe touch'd the quilt;—— his left arm hung inſenſible over the ſide of the bed, his knuckles reclining upon the handle of the chamber pot,

pot, which peep'd out beyond the valance,—his right leg (his left being drawn up towards his body) hung half over the ſide of the bed, the edge of it preſſing upon his ſhin-bone.——He felt it not. A fix'd, inflexible ſorrow took poſſeſſion of every line of his face.—He ſigh'd once,——heaved his breaſt often,—but utter'd not a word.

An old ſet-ſtitch'd chair, valanced and fringed around with party-colour'd worſted bobs, ſtood at the bed's head, oppoſite to the ſide where my father's head reclined.——My uncle *Toby* ſat him down in it.

Before an affliction is digeſted,——conſolation ever comes too ſoon;——and after it is digeſted,——it comes too late: ſo that you ſee, madam, there is but a mark

mark between theſe two, as fine almoſt as a hair, for a comforter to take aim at: my uncle *Toby* was always either on this ſide, or on that of it, and would often ſay, He believed in his heart, he could as ſoon hit the longitude; for this reaſon, when he ſat down in the chair, he drew the curtain a little forwards, and having a tear at every one's ſervice,—— he pull'd out a cambrick handkerchief,—— gave a low ſigh,——but held his peace.

CHAP. XXX.

—— "*ALL is not gain that is got into the purſe.*"—— So that notwithſtanding my father had the happineſs of reading the oddeſt books in the univerſe, and had moreover, in himſelf, the oddeſt way of thinking, that ever man

man in it was bleſs'd with, yet it had this drawback upon him after all,——that it laid him open to ſome of the oddeſt and moſt whimſical diſtreſſes; of which this particular one which he ſunk under at preſent is as ſtrong an example as can be given.

No doubt, the breaking down of the bridge of a child's noſe, by the edge of a pair of forceps,——however ſcientifically applied,——would vex any man in the world, who was at ſo much pains in begetting a child, as my father was,——yet it will not account for the extravagance of his affliction, or will it juſtify the unchriſtian manner he abandoned and ſurrender'd himſelf up to it.

To explain this, I muſt leave him upon the

the bed for half an hour,——and my good uncle *Toby* in his old fringed chair ſitting beſide him.

CHAP. XXXI.

——I THINK it a very unreaſonable demand,——cried my great grandfather, twiſting up the paper, and throwing it upon the table.——By this account, madam, you have but two thouſand pounds fortune, and not a ſhilling more,——and you inſiſt upon having three hundred pounds a year jointure for it.——

——"Becauſe," replied my great grandmother, "you have little or no noſe, "Sir."——

Now, before I venture to make uſe

of the word *Noſe* a ſecond time,—to avoid all confuſion in what will be ſaid upon it, in this intereſting part of my ſtory, it may not be amiſs to explain my own meaning, and define, with all poſſible exactneſs and preciſion, what I would willingly be underſtood to mean by the term: being of opinion, that 'tis owing to the negligence and perverſeneſs of writers, in deſpiſing this precaution, and to nothing elſe,——That all the polemical writings in divinity, are not as clear and demonſtrative as thoſe upon *a Will o' the Wiſp*, or any other ſound part of philoſophy, and natural purſuit; in order to which, what have you to do, before you ſet out, unleſs you intend to go puzzling on to the day of judgment,——but to give the world a good definition, and ſtand to it, of the main word you have moſt occaſion for,—changing it, Sir, as

you

you would a guinea, into ſmall coin?—which done,—let the father of confuſion puzzle you, if he can; or put a different idea either into your head, or your reader's head, if he knows how.

In books of ſtrict morality and cloſe reaſoning, ſuch as this I am engaged in,—the neglect is inexcuſable; and heaven is witneſs, how the world has revenged itſelf upon me for leaving ſo many openings to equivocal ſtrictures,—and for depending ſo much as I have done, all along, upon the cleanlineſs of my reader's imaginations.

——— Here are two ſenſes, cried *Eugenius*, as we walk'd along, pointing with the fore finger of his right hand to the word *Crevice*, in the fifty-ſecond page of the ſecond volume of this book of books,

—here are two ſenſes,—— quoth he.—— And here are two roads, replied I, turning ſhort upon him,—— a dirty and a clean one,—— which ſhall we take?—— The clean,—by all means, replied *Eugenius*. *Eugenius*, ſaid I, ſtepping before him, and laying my hand upon his breaſt,—— to define—is to diſtruſt.—— Thus I triumph'd over *Eugenius*; but I triumph'd over him as I always do, like a fool.——'Tis my comfort however, I am not an obſtinate one; therefore

I define a noſe, as follows,—— intreating only beforehand, and beſeeching my readers, both male and female, of what age, complexion, and condition ſoever, for the love of God and their own ſouls, to guard againſt the temptations and ſuggeſtions of the devil, and ſuffer him by no art or wile to put any other ideas

into their minds, than what I put into my definition. —— For by the word *Noſe*, throughout all this long chapter of noſes, and in every other part of my work, where the word *Noſe* occurs,—I declare, by that word I mean a Noſe, and nothing more, or leſs.

CHAP. XXXII.

——"BECAUSE," quoth my grandmother, repeating the words again, ——" you have little or no " noſe, Sir"——

S'death! cried my great grandfather, clapping his hand upon his noſe,—'tis not ſo ſmall as that comes to;—'tis a full inch longer than my father's.——Now, my great grandfather's noſe was for all

the world like unto the noſes of all the men, women, and children, whom *Pantagruel* found dwelling upon the iſland of ENNASIN.——By the way, if you would know the ſtrange way of getting a-kin amongſt ſo flat-noſed a people,——you muſt read the book;—find it out yourſelf, you never can.——

——'Twas ſhaped, Sir, like an ace of clubs.

——'Tis a full inch, continued my great grandfather, preſſing up the ridge of his noſe with his finger and thumb; and repeating his aſſertion,——'tis a full inch longer, madam, than my father's—. You muſt mean your uncle's, replied my great grandmother.

My

——My great grandfather was convinced.——He untwiſted the paper, and ſigned the article.

CHAP. XXXIII.

——WHAT an unconſcionable jointure, my dear, do we pay out of this ſmall eſtate of ours, quoth my grandmother to my grandfather.

My father, replied my grandfather, had no more noſe, my dear, ſaving the mark, than there is upon the back of my hand.——

——Now, you muſt know, that my great grandmother outlived my grandfather twelve years; ſo that my father

had the jointure to pay, a hundred and fifty pounds half yearly——(on *Michaelmas* and *Lady day*) — during all that time.

No man diſcharged pecuniary obligations with a better grace than my father.——And as far as the hundred pounds went, he would fling it upon the table, guinea by guinea, with that ſpirited jerk of an honeſt welcome, which generous ſouls, and generous ſouls only, are able to fling down money: but as ſoon as ever he enter'd upon the odd fifty,—he generally gave a loud *Hem!*—rubb'd the ſide of his noſe leiſurely with the flat part of his fore finger,——inſerted his hand cautiouſly betwixt his head and the cawl of his wig,—look'd at both ſides of every guinea, as he parted with it,—and ſeldom could

could get to the end of the fifty pounds, without pulling out his handkerchief, and wiping his temples.

Defend me, gracious heaven! from thoſe perſecuting ſpirits who make no allowances for theſe workings within us.—Never,—O never may I lay down in their tents, who cannot relax the engine, and feel pity for the force of education, and the prevalence of opinions long derived from anceſtors!

For three generations at leaſt, this *tenet* in favour of long noſes had gradually been taking root in our family.—— TRADITION was all along on its ſide, and INTEREST was every half year ſtepping in to ſtrengthen it; ſo that the whimſicality of my father's brain was far from having

having the whole honour of this, as it had of almoſt all his other ſtrange notions.—For in a great meaſure he might be ſaid to have ſuck'd this in, with his mother's milk. He did his part however.——If education planted the miſtake, (in caſe it was one) my father watered it, and ripened it to perfection.

He would often declare, in ſpeaking his thoughts upon the ſubject, that he did not conceive how the greateſt family in *England* could ſtand it out againſt an uninterrupted ſucceſſion of ſix or ſeven ſhort noſes.—And for the contrary reaſon, he would generally add, That it muſt be one of the greateſt problems in civil life, where the ſame number of long and jolly noſes following one another in a direct line, did not raiſe and hoiſt it

up into the beſt vacancies in the kingdom.——He would often boaſt that the *Shandy* family rank'd very high in king *Harry* the VIIIth's time, but owed its riſe to no ſtate engine,—he would ſay,—but to that only ; —— but that, like other families, he would add, — it had felt the turn of the wheel, and had never recovered the blow of my great grandfather's noſe.——It was an ace of clubs indeed, he would cry, ſhaking his head,—— and as vile a one for an unfortunate family, as ever turn'd up trumps.

——Fair and ſoftly, gentle reader! ——where is thy fancy carrying thee? ——If there is truth in man, by my great grandfather's noſe, I mean the external organ of ſmelling, or that part of man which ſtands prominent in his face,

and

—and which painters ſay, in good jolly noſes and well-proportioned faces, ſhould comprehend a full third,—that is, meaſuring downwards from the ſetting on of the hair.——

——What a life of it has an author, at this paſs!

CHAP. XXXIV.

IT is a ſingular bleſſing, that nature has form'd the mind of man with the ſame happy backwardneſs and renitency againſt conviction, which is obſerved in old dogs,——"of not learning new tricks."

What a ſhuttlecock of a fellow would the greateſt philoſopher that ever exiſted, be whiſk'd into at once, did he read ſuch

ſuch books, and obſerve ſuch facts, and think ſuch thoughts, as would eternally be making him change ſides!

Now, my father, as I told you laſt year, deteſted all this.—He pick'd up an opinion, Sir, as a man in a ſtate of nature picks up an apple.—It becomes his own,—and if he is a man of ſpirit, he would loſe his life rather than give it up.——

I am aware, that *Didius* the great civilian, will conteſt this point; and cry out againſt me, Whence comes this man's right to this apple? *ex confeſſo*, he will ſay,——things were in a ſtate of nature.—The apple, as much *Frank*'s apple, as *John*'s. Pray, Mr. *Shandy*, what patent has he to ſhew for it? and how did it begin to be his? was it, when he ſet

his

his heart upon it? or when he gather'd it? or when he chew'd it? or when he roasted it? or when he peel'd? or when he brought it home? or when he digested?——or when he———?——. For 'tis plain, Sir, if the first picking up of the apple, made it not his,——that no subsequent act could.

Brother *Didius*, *Tribonius* will answer,—(now *Tribonius* the civilian and church lawyer's beard being three inches and a half and three eighths longer than *Didius* his beard,—I'm glad he takes up the cudgels for me, so I give myself no further trouble about the answer.)—Brother *Didius*, *Tribonius* will say, it is a decreed case, as you may find it in the fragments of *Gregorius* and *Hermogenes*'s codes, and in all the codes from *Justinian*'s down to the

the codes of *Louis* and *Des Eaux*,—That the ſweat of a man's brows, and the exſudations of a man's brains, are as much a man's own property, as the breeches upon his backſide;——which ſaid exſudations, *&c.* being dropp'd upon the ſaid apple by the labour of finding it, and picking it up; and being moreover indiſſolubly waſted, and as indiſſolubly annex'd by the picker up, to the thing pick'd up, carried home, roaſted, peel'd, eaten, digeſted, and ſo on;——'tis evident that the gatherer of the apple, in ſo doing, has mix'd up ſomething which was his own, with the apple which was not his own, by which means he has acquired a property;—or, in other words, the apple is *John*'s apple.

By the ſame learned chain of reaſoning

ing my father ſtood up for all his opinions: he had ſpared no pains in picking them up, and the more they lay out of the common way, the better ſtill was his title.——No mortal claim'd them: they had coſt him moreover as much labour in cooking and digeſting as in the caſe above, ſo that they might well and truely be ſaid to be his own goods and chattles.——Accordingly he held faſt by 'em, both by teeth and claws,——would fly to whatever he could lay his hands on,——and in a word, would intrench and fortify them round with as many circumvallations and breaſt-works, as my uncle *Toby* would a citadel.

There was one plaguy rub in the way of this,——the ſcarcity of materials to make any thing of a defence with, in caſe of

of a ſmart attack; inaſmuch as few men of great genius had exerciſed their parts in writing books upon the ſubject of great noſes: by the trotting of my lean horſe, the thing is incredible! and I am quite loſt in my underſtanding when I am conſidering what a treaſure of precious time and talents together has been waſted upon worſe ſubjects, —— and how many millions of books in all languages, and in all poſſible types and bindings, have been fabricated upon points not half ſo much tending to the unity and peace-making of the world. What was to be had, however, he ſet the greater ſtore by; and though my father would oft-times ſport with my uncle *Toby*'s library, —— which, by the bye, was ridiculous enough, — yet at the very ſame time he did it, he collected every book

and treatiſe which had been ſyſtematically wrote upon noſes, with as much care as my honeſt uncle *Toby* had done thoſe upon military architecture.——'Tis true, a much leſs table would have held them,—but that was not thy tranſgreſſion, my dear uncle.——

Here,——but why here,——rather than in any other part of my ſtory,——I am not able to tell;——but here it is,——my heart ſtops me to pay to thee, my dear uncle *Toby*, once for all, the tribute I owe thy goodneſs.——Here let me thruſt my chair aſide, and kneel down upon the ground, whilſt I am pouring forth the warmeſt ſentiments of love for thee, and veneration for the excellency of thy character, that ever virtue and nature kindled in a

nephew's

nephew's boſom.——— Peace and comfort reſt for evermore upon thy head!—Thou envied'ſt no man's comforts,——inſulted'ſt no man's opinions.——Thou blackened'ſt no man's character,——devoured'ſt no man's bread: gently with faithful *Trim* behind thee, didſt thou amble round the little circle of thy pleaſures, joſtling no creature in thy way;——for each one's ſervice, thou hadſt a tear,——for each man's need, thou hadſt a ſhilling.

Whilſt I am worth one, to pay a weeder,——thy path from thy door to thy bowling green ſhall never be grown up.——Whilſt there is a rood and a half of land in the *Shandy* family, thy fortifications, my dear uncle *Toby*, ſhall never be demoliſh'd.

CHAP. XXXV.

MY father's collection was not great, but to make amends, it was curious; and consequently, he was some time in making it; he had the great good fortune however to set off well, in getting *Bruscambille*'s prologue upon long noses, almost for nothing,—for he gave no more for *Bruscambille* than three half crowns; owing indeed to the strong fancy which the stall-man saw my father had for the book the moment he laid his hands upon it.——There are not three *Bruscumbilles* in *Christendom*,——said the stall-man, except what are chain'd up in the libraries of the curious. My father flung down the money as quick as lightening, — took *Bruscambille* into his bosom, —— hyed home from

from *Piccadilly* to *Coleman*-ſtreet with it, as he would have hyed home with a treaſure, without taking his hand once off from *Bruſcambille* all the way.

To thoſe who do not yet know of which gender *Bruſcambille* is,—— inaſmuch as a prologue upon long noſes might eaſily be done by either,——'twill be no objection againſt the ſimile,—to ſay, That when my father got home, he ſolaced himſelf with *Bruſcambille* after the manner, in which, 'tis ten to one, your worſhip ſolaced yourſelf with your firſt miſtreſs,—— that is, from morning even unto night: which by the bye, how delightful ſoever it may prove to the inamorato,— is of little, or no entertainment at all, to by-ſtanders.—Take notice, I go no farther with the ſimile,—my father's eye was greater than his

appetite,—his zeal greater than his knowledge,——he cool'd ——his affections became divided,——he got hold of *Prignitz*,—purchaſed *Scroderus*, *Andrea Paræus*, *Bouchet*'s Evening Conferences, and above all, the great and learned *Hafen Slawkenbergius*; of which, as I ſhall have much to ſay by and bye,——I will ſay nothing now.

CHAP. XXXVI.

OF all the tracts my father was at the pains to procure and ſtudy in ſupport of his hypotheſis, there was not any one wherein he felt a more cruel diſappointment at firſt, than in the celebrated dialogue between *Pamphagus* and *Cocles*, written by the chaſte pen of the great and venerable *Eraſmus*, upon the various uſes and

and ſeaſonable applications of long noſes.

——Now don't let Satan, my dear girl, in this chapter, take advantage of any one ſpot of riſing-ground to get aſtride of your imagination, if you can any ways help it; or if he is ſo nimble as to ſlip on, ——let me beg of you, like an unback'd filly, *to friſk it, to ſquirt it, to jump it, to rear it, to bound it,—and to kick it, with long kicks and ſhort kicks*, till like *Tickletoby*'s mare, you break a ſtrap or a crupper, and throw his worſhip into the dirt. ——— You need not kill him.——

——And pray who was *Tickletoby*'s mare? — 'tis juſt as diſcreditable and unſcholar-like a queſtion, Sir, as to have aſked what year *(ab urb. con.)* the ſecond Punic war broke out.—Who was *Tickle-*

toby's mare!—Read, read, read, read, my unlearned reader! read,—or by the knowledge of the great ſaint *Paraleipomenon* — I tell you before-hand, you had better throw down the book at once; for without *much reading*, by which your reverence knows, I mean *much knowledge*, you will no more be able to penetrate the moral of the next marbled page (motly emblem of my work!) than the world with all its ſagacity has been able to unraval the many opinions, tranſactions and truths which ſtill lie myſtically hid under the dark veil of the black one.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVII.

"*NIHIL me pœnitet hujus naſi,*" quoth *Pamphagus*;—that is,—— "My noſe has been the making of me.' ——"*Nec eſt cur pœniteat,*" replies *Cocles*; that is, "How the duce ſhould ſuch a noſe fail?"

The doctrine, you ſee, was laid down by *Eraſmus*, as my father wiſhed it, with the utmoſt plainneſs; but my father's diſappointment was, in finding nothing more from ſo able a pen, but the bare fact itſelf; without any of that ſpeculative ſubtilty or ambidexterity of argumentation upon it, which heaven had beſtow'd upon man on purpoſe to inveſtigate truth and fight for her on all ſides. —— My father piſh'd and pugh'd at firſt moſt terribly,—'tis worth ſomething to have a good name. As the dialogue was of *Eraſmus*, my father ſoon came to himſelf, and read it

it over and over again with great application, ſtudying every word and every ſyllable of it thro' and thro' in its moſt ſtrict and literal interpretation,—he could ſtill make nothing of it, that way. Mayhaps there is more meant, than is ſaid in it, quoth my father.—Learned men, brother *Toby*, don't write dialogues upon long noſes for nothing.——I'll ſtudy the myſtic and the allegoric ſenſe,——here is ſome room to turn a man's ſelf in, brother.

My father read on.———

Now, I find it needful to inform your reverences and worſhips, that beſides the many nautical uſes of long noſes enumerated by *Eraſmus*, the dialogiſt affirmeth that a long noſe is not without its domeſtic conveniences alſo, for that in a caſe of diſtreſs,—and for want of a pair of bellows, it will do excellently well, *ad excitandum focum*, (to ſtir up the fire.)

Nature

Nature had been prodigal in her gifts to my father beyond measure, and had sown the seeds of verbal criticism as deep within him, as she had done the seeds of all other knowledge,—so that he had got out his penknife, and was trying experiments upon the sentence, to see if he could not scratch some better sense into it.—I've got within a single letter, brother *Toby*, cried my father, of *Erasmus* his mystic meaning.—You are near enough, brother, replied my uncle, in all conscience.——— Pshaw! cried my father, scratching on,—I might as well be seven miles off.—I've done it,———said my father, snapping his fingers.—See, my dear brother *Toby*, how I have mended the sense.—But you have marr'd a word, replied my uncle *Toby*.—My father put on his spectacles,—bit his lip,—and tore out the leaf in a passion.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

O *Slawkenbergius!* thou faithful analyzer of my *Diſgrázias*, —— thou ſad foreteller of ſo many of the whips and ſhort turns, which in one ſtage or other of my life have come ſlap upon me from the ſhortneſs of my noſe, and no other cauſe, that I am conſcious of. ——Tell me, *Slawkenbergius!* what ſecret impulſe was it? what intonation of voice? whence came it? how did it ſound in thy ears?—art thou ſure thou heard'ſt it? — which firſt cried out to thee, —go, —go, *Slawkenbergius!* dedicate the labours of thy life,——neglect thy paſtimes, — call forth all the powers and faculties of thy nature, ——macerate thyſelf in the ſervice of mankind, and write a grand FOLIO for them, upon the ſubject of their noſes.

How

How the communication was conveyed into *Slawkenbergius*'s ſenſorium, —— ſo that *Slawkenbergius* ſhould know whoſe finger touch'd the key, —— and whoſe hand it was that blew the bellows, —— as *Hafen Slawkenbergius* has been dead and laid in his grave above fourſcore and ten years, —— we can only raiſe conjectures.

Slawkenbergius was play'd upon, for aught I know, like one of *Whitfield*'s diſciples, —— that is, with ſuch a diſtinct intelligence, Sir, of which of the two *maſters* it was, that had been practiſing upon his *inſtrument*, —— as to make all reaſoning upon it needleſs.

—— For in the account which *Hafen Slawkenbergius* gives the world of his motives and occaſions for writing, and ſpending ſo many years of his life upon this

this one work.—Towards the end of his prologomena, which by the bye ſhould have come firſt, —— but the bookbinder has moſt injudiciouſly placed it betwixt the analitical contents of the book, and the book itſelf,——he informs his reader, that ever ſince he had arrived at the age of diſcernment, and was able to ſit down coolly, and conſider within himſelf the true ſtate and condition of man, and diſtinguiſh the main end and deſign of his being; ——or,—— to ſhorten my tranſlation, for *Slawkenbergius*'s book is in *Latin*, and not a little prolix in this paſſage,——ever ſince I underſtood, quoth *Slawkenbergius*, any thing, ——or rather *what was what*,—— and could perceive that the point of long noſes had been too looſely handled by all who had gone before;——have I, *Slawkenbergius*, felt a ſtrong impulſe, with a mighty and an unreſiſtible

reſiſtible call within me, to gird up myſelf to this undertaking.

And to do juſtice to *Slawkenbergius*, he has entered the liſt with a ſtronger lance, and taken a much larger career in it, than any one man who had ever entered it before him,——and indeed, in many reſpects, deſerves to be *en-nich'd* as a prototype for all writers, of voluminous works at leaſt, to model their books by,——for he has taken in, Sir, the whole ſubject,—examined every part of it, *dialectially*,—then brought it into full day; dilucidating it with all the light which either the colliſion of his own natural parts could ſtrike,——or the profoundeſt knowledge of the ſciences had impowered him to caſt upon it,——collating, collecting and compiling,—begging, borrowing, and ſtealing, as he went along, all that had

been wrote or wrangled thereupon in the ſchools and porticos of the learned: ſo that *Slawkenbergius* his book may properly be conſidered, not only as a model,—but as a thorough-ſtitch'd DIGEST and regular inſtitute of *noſes*; comprehending in it, all that is, or can be needful to be known about them.

For this cauſe it is, that I forbear to ſpeak of ſo many (otherwiſe) valuable books and treatiſes of my father's collecting, wrote either, plump upon noſes, — or collaterally touching them; —— ſuch for inſtance as *Prignitz*, now lying upon the table before me, who with infinite learning, and from the moſt candid and ſcholar-like examination of above four thouſand different ſkulls, in upwards of twenty charnel houſes in *Sileſia*, which he had rummaged, — has informed us, that the

the menſuration and configuration of the oſſeous or boney parts of human noſes, in any *given* tract of country, except *Crim Tartary*, where they are all cruſh'd down by the thumb, ſo that no judgment can be formed upon them,—— are much nearer alike, than the world imagines; —— the difference amongſt them, being, he ſays, a mere trifle, not worth taking notice of, ——but that the ſize and jollity of every individual noſe, and by which one noſe ranks above another, and bears a higher price, is owing to the cartilagenous and muſcular parts of it, into whoſe ducts and ſinuſes the blood and animal ſpirits being impell'd, and driven by the warmth and force of the imagination, which is but a ſtep from it, (bating the caſe of ideots, whom *Prignitz*, who had lived many years in *Turky*, ſuppoſes under the more immediate tutelage of heaven) —— it ſo

happens, and ever muſt, ſays *Prignitz*, that the excellency of the noſe is in a direct arithmetical proportion to the excellency of the wearer's fancy.

It is for the ſame reaſon, that is, becauſe 'tis all comprehended in *Slawkenbergius*, that I ſay nothing likewiſe of *Scroderus (Andrea)* who all the world knows, ſet himſelf to oppugn *Prignitz* with great violence,——proving it in his own way, firſt, *logically* and then by a ſeries of ſtubborn facts, "That ſo far was *Prignitz* from the truth, in affirming that the fancy begat the noſe, that on the contrary,—the noſe begat the fancy."

—The learned ſuſpected *Scroderus*, of an indecent ſophiſm in this,——and *Prignitz* cried out aloud in the diſpute, that *Scroderus* had ſhifted the idea upon him,

—but *Scroderus* went on, maintaining his theſis.——

My father was juſt balancing within himſelf, which of the two ſides he ſhould take in this affair; when *Ambroſe Paræus* decided it in a moment, and by overthrowing the ſyſtems, both of *Prignitz* and *Scroderus*, drove my father out of both ſides of the controverſy at once.

Be witneſs——

I don't acquaint the learned reader,—in ſaying it, I mention it only to ſhew the learned, I know the fact myſelf.——

That this *Ambroſe Paræus* was chief ſurgeon and noſe-mender to *Francis* the ninth of *France*, and in high credit with him and the two preceding, or ſucceed-

ing kings (I know not which) — and that except in the ſlip he made in his ſtory of *Taliacotius*'s noſes, and his manner of ſetting them on, —— was eſteemed by the whole college of phyſicians at that time, as more knowing in matters of noſes, than any one who had ever taken them in hand.

Now *Ambroſe Paræus* convinced my father, that the true and efficient cauſe of what had engaged ſo much the attention of the world, and upon which *Prignitz* and *Scroderus* had waſted ſo much learning and fine parts,—was neither this nor that,—— but that the length and goodneſs of the noſe was owing ſimply to the ſoftneſs and flaccidity in the nurſe's breaſt, —— as the flatneſs and ſhortneſs of *puiſne* noſes was, to the firmneſs and elaſtic repulſion of the ſame organ of nutri-

tion

tion in the hale and lively, —which, tho' happy for the woman, was the undoing of the child, inaſmuch as his noſe was ſo ſnubb'd, ſo rebuff'd, ſo rebated, and ſo refrigerated thereby, as never to arrive *ad menſuram ſuam legitimam*; —— but that in caſe of the flaccidity and ſoftneſs of the nurſe or mother's breaſt,—by ſinking into it, quoth *Paræus*, as into ſo much butter, the noſe was comforted, nouriſh'd, plump'd up, refreſh'd, refocillated, and ſet a growing for ever.

I have but two things to obſerve of *Paræus*; firſt, that he proves and explains all this with the utmoſt chaſtity and decorum of expreſſion:—for which may his ſoul for ever reſt in peace!

And, ſecondly, that beſides the ſyſtems of *Prignitz* and *Scroderus*, which *Ambroſe*

Paræus his hypotheſis effectually overthrew, —— it overthrew at the ſame time the ſyſtem of peace and harmony of our family; and for three days together, not only embroiled matters between my father and my mother, but turn'd likewiſe the whole houſe and every thing in it, except my uncle *Toby*, quite upſide down.

Such a ridiculous tale of a diſpute between a man and his wife, never ſurely in any age or country got vent through the key-hole of a ſtreet-door!

My mother, you muſt know,—— but I have fifty things more neceſſary to let you know firſt,—I have a hundred difficulties which I have promiſed to clear up, and a thouſand diſtreſſes and domeſtic miſadventures crouding in upon me thick

thick and three-fold, one upon the neck of another, —— a cow broke in (to-morrow morning) to my uncle *Toby*'s fortifications, and eat up two ratios and half of dried grafs, tearing up the fods with it, which faced his horn-work and covered way.—*Trim* inſifts upon being tried by a court-martial,— the cow to be ſhot, —*Slop* to be *crucifix'd*,—myſelf to be *triſtram'd*, and at my very baptiſm made a martyr of;——poor unhappy devils that we all are!—I want ſwaddling, —— but there is no time to be loſt in exclamations. —— I have left my father lying acroſs his bed, and my uncle *Toby* in his old fringed chair, ſitting beſide him, and promiſed I would go back to them in half an hour, and five and thirty minutes are laps'd already. —— Of all the perplexities a mortal author was ever ſeen in, — this certainly is the greateſt,

— for I have *Hafen Slawkenbergius*'s folio, Sir, to finish —— a dialogue between my father and my uncle *Toby*, upon the solution of *Prignitz*, *Scroderus*, *Ambrose Paræus*, *Ponocrates* and *Grangousier* to relate, —a tale out of *Slawkenbergius* to translate, and all this in five minutes less, than no time at all; ——such a head! — would to heaven! my enemies only saw the inside of it!

CHAP. XXXIX.

THERE was not any one scene more entertaining in our family, —— and to do it justice in this point; —— and I here put off my cap and lay it upon the table close beside my ink-horn, on purpose to make my declaration to the world concerning this one article, the more solemn,—— that I believe in my soul, (unless

leſs my love and partiality to my underſtanding blinds me) the hand of the ſupreme Maker and firſt Deſigner of all things, never made or put a family together, (in that period at leaſt of it, which I have ſat down to write the ſtory of) —— where the characters of it were caſt or contraſted with ſo dramatic a felicity as ours was, for this end; or in which the capacities of affording ſuch exquiſite ſcenes, and the powers of ſhifting them perpetually from morning to night, were lodged and intruſted with ſo unlimited a confidence, as in the SHANDY-FAMILY.

Not any one of theſe was more diverting, I ſay, in this whimſical theatre of ours,— than what frequently aroſe out of this ſelf-ſame chapter of long noſes, —— eſpecially when my father's imagination was heated with the enquiry, and nothing would

would ſerve him but to heat my uncle *Toby*'s too.

My uncle *Toby* would give my father all poſſible fair play in this attempt; and with infinite patience would ſit ſmoaking his pipe for whole hours together, whilſt my father was practiſing upon his head, and trying every acceſſible avenue to drive *Prignitz* and *Scroderus*'s ſolutions into it.

Whether they were above my uncle *Toby*'s reaſon,——or contrary to it,——or that his brain was like wet tinder, and no ſpark could poſſibly take hold,——or that it was ſo full of ſaps, mines, blinds, curtins, and ſuch military diſqualifications to his ſeeing clearly into *Prignitz* and *Scroderus*'s doctrines,—I ſay not,—let ſchool-men—ſcullions, anatomiſts, and engi-

engineers, fight for it amongſt themſelves.——

'Twas ſome misfortune, I make no doubt, in this affair, that my father had every word of it to tranſlate for the benefit of my uncle *Toby*, and render out of *Slawkenbergius*'s *Latin*, of which, as he was no great maſter, his tranſlation was not always of the pureſt,—and generally leaſt ſo where 'twas moſt wanted,—— this naturally open'd a door to a ſecond misfortune;——that in the warmer paroxiſms of his zeal to open my uncle *Toby*'s eyes —— my father's ideas run on, as much faſter than the tranſlation, as the tranſlation outmoved my uncle *Toby*'s;—— neither the one or the other added much to the perſpicuity of my father's lecture.

CHAP.

CHAP. XL.

THE gift of ratiocination and making ſyllogiſms, —I mean in man, —for in ſuperior claſſes of beings, ſuch as angels and ſpirits, —'tis all done, may it pleaſe your worſhips, as they tell me, by INTUITION;—and beings inferior, as your worſhips all know,———ſyllogize by their noſes: though there is an iſland ſwiming in the ſea, though not altogether at its eaſe, whoſe inhabitants, if my intelligence deceives me not, are ſo wonderfully gifted, as to ſyllogize after the ſame faſhion, and oft-times to make very well out too: —— but that's neither here nor there ——

The gift of doing it as it ſhould be, amongſt us, —or the great and principal act

act of ratiocination in man, as logicians tell us, is the finding out the agreement or disagreement of two ideas one with another, by the intervention of a third; (called the *medius terminus)* just as a man, as *Locke* well observes, by a yard, finds two mens nine-pin-alleys to be of the same length, which could not be brought together, to measure their equality, by *juxta-position.*

Had the same great reasoner looked on, as my father illustrated his systems of noses, and observed my uncle *Toby*'s deportment,—what great attention he gave to every word,—and as oft as he took his pipe from his mouth, with what wonderful seriousness he contemplated the length of it,—surveying it transversely as he held it betwixt his finger and his thumb,—then foreright,—then this way, and

then

then that, in all its poſſible directions and foreſhortenings, —— he would have concluded my uncle *Toby* had got hold of the *medius terminus*; and was ſyllogizing and meaſuring with it the truth of each hypotheſis of long noſes, in order as my father laid them before him. This by the bye, was more than my father wanted,— his aim in all the pains he was at in theſe philoſophic lectures, — was to enable my uncle *Toby* not to *diſcuſs*, —— but *comprehend* —— to *hold* the grains and ſcruples of learning,—not to *weigh* them. — My uncle *Toby*, as you will read in the next chapter, did neither the one or the other.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLI.

'TIS a pity, cried my father one winter's night, after a three hours painful translation of *Slawkenbergius*,—'tis a pity, cried my father, putting my mother's thread-paper into the book for a mark, as he spoke —— that truth, brother *Toby*, should shut herself up in such impregnable fastnesses, and be so obstinate as not to surrender herself sometimes up upon the closest siege.——

Now it happened then, as indeed it had often done before, that my uncle *Toby*'s fancy, during the time of my father's explanation of *Prignitz* to him,——having nothing to stay it there, had taken a short flight to the bowling-green; ——his body might as well have taken a turn there too,

too,——ſo that with all the ſemblance of a deep ſchool-man intent upon the *medius terminus*, ——my uncle *Toby* was in fact as ignorant of the whole lecture, and all its pro's and con's, as if my father had been tranſlating *Hafen Slawkenbergius* from the *Latin* tongue into the *Cherokeè*. But the word *ſiege*, like a taliſmanic power, in my father's metaphor, wafting back my uncle *Toby*'s fancy, quick as a note could follow the touch,—he open'd his ears,—and my father obſerving that he took his pipe out of his mouth, and ſhuffled his chair nearer the table, as with a deſire to profit,—my father with great pleaſure began his ſentence again,—— changing only the plan, and dropping the metaphor of the ſiege of it, to keep clear of ſome dangers my father apprehended from it.

'Tis a pity, ſaid my father, that truth can only be on one ſide, brother *Toby*, — conſidering what ingenuity theſe learned men have all ſhewn in their ſolutions of noſes. —— Can noſes be diſſolved? replied my uncle *Toby*. ——

——My father thruſt back his chair, ——roſe up, —— put on his hat, —— took four long ſtrides to the door, — jerked it open, — thruſt his head half way out, — ſhut the door again, — took no notice of the bad hinge, — returned to the table, — pluck'd my mother's thread-paper out of *Slawkenbergius*'s book, — went haſtily to his bureau, — walk'd ſlowly back, twiſting my mother's thread-paper about his thumb, — unbutton'd his waiſtcoat, —— threw my mother's thread-paper into the fire, — bit her ſattin pin-cuſhion in two, fill'd his mouth with bran, — confounded it; — but mark! — the oath of confu-

ſion was levell'd at my uncle *Toby*'s brain, ——which was e'en confuſed enough already, —— the curſe came charged only with the bran, —the bran, may it pleaſe your honours, —was no more than powder to the ball.

'Twas well my father's paſſions laſted not long; for ſo long as they did laſt, they led him a buſy life on't, and it is one of the moſt unaccountable problems that ever I met with in my obſervations of human nature, that nothing ſhould prove my father's mettle ſo much, or make his paſſions go off ſo like gun-powder, as the unexpected ſtrokes his ſcience met with from the quaint ſimplicity of my uncle *Toby*'s queſtions. —— Had ten dozen of hornets ſtung him behind in ſo many different places all at one time, — he could not have exerted more mechanical functions in fewer ſeconds,—or ſtarted half ſo much,

much, as with one ſingle *quære* of three words unſeaſonably popping in full upon him in his hobbyhorſical career.

'Twas all one to my uncle *Toby*, — he ſmoaked his pipe on, with unvaried compoſure,—his heart never intended offence to his brother, — and as his head could ſeldom find out where the ſting of it lay, —— he always gave my father the credit of cooling by himſelf. —— He was five minutes and thirty-five ſeconds about it in the preſent caſe.

By all that's good! ſaid my father, ſwearing, as he came to himſelf, and taking the oath out of *Ernulphus*'s digeſt of curſes,— (though to do my father juſtice it was a fault (as he told Dr. *Slop* in the affair of *Ernulphus*) which he as ſeldom committed as any man upon earth.) —— By all that's good and great! brother

Toby, said my father, if it was not for the aids of philosophy, which befriend one so much as they do, — you would put a man beside all temper.—Why, by the *solutions* of noses, of which I was telling you, I meant as you might have known, had you favoured me with one grain of attention, the various accounts which learned men of different kinds of knowledge have given the world, of the causes of short and long noses.—There is no cause but one, replied my uncle *Toby*,—why one man's nose is longer than another's, but because that God pleases to have it so.—That is *Grangousier*'s solution, said my father. —'Tis he, continued my uncle *Toby*, looking up, and not regarding my father's interruption, who makes us all, and frames and puts us together in such forms and proportions, and for such ends, as is agreeable to his infinite wisdom.——'Tis a pious account, cried

my

my father, but not philoſophical,— there is more religion in it than ſound ſcience. 'Twas no inconſiſtent part of my uncle *Toby*'s character,——that he feared God, and reverenced religion. —— So the moment my father finiſhed his remark, — my uncle *Toby* fell a whiſtling *Lillabullero*, with more zeal (though more out of tune) than uſual.——

What is become of my wife's thread-paper?

CHAP. XLII.

NO matter, —— as an appendage to ſeamſtreſſy, the thread-paper might be of ſome conſequence to my mother,— of none to my father, as a mark in *Slawkenbergius*. *Slawkenbergius* in every page of him was a rich treaſury of inexhauſtible knowledge to my father, — he could not

open

open him amiſs; and he would often ſay in cloſing the book, that if all the arts and ſciences in the world, with the books which treated of them, were loſt, —— ſhould the wiſdom and policies of governments, he would ſay, through diſuſe, ever happen to be forgot, and all that ſtateſmen had wrote, or cauſed to be written, upon the ſtrong or the weak ſides of courts and kingdoms, ſhould they be forgot alſo, — and *Slawkenbergius* only left,—there would be enough in him in all conſcience, he would ſay, to ſet the world a-going again. A treaſure therefore was he indeed! an inſtitute of all that was neceſſary to be known of noſes, and every thing elſe,——at *matin*, noon, and veſpers was *Hafen Slawkenbergius* his recreation and delight: 'twas for ever in his hands, — you would have ſworn, Sir, it had been a canon's prayer-book,—ſo worn, ſo glazed, ſo contrited

and attrited was it with fingers and with thumbs in all its parts, from one end even unto the other.

I am not ſuch a bigot to *Slawkenbergius*, as my father; — there is a fund in him, no doubt; but in my opinion, the beſt, I don't ſay the moſt profitable, but the moſt amuſing part of *Hafen Slawkenbergius*, is his tales, —— and, conſidering he was a *German*, many of them told not without fancy: —— theſe take up his ſecond book, containing nearly one half of his folio, and are comprehended in ten decads, each decad containing ten tales.——Philoſophy is not built upon tales; and therefore 'twas certainly wrong in *Slawkenbergius* to ſend them into the world by that name;—there are a few of them in his eight, ninth, and tenth decads, which I own ſeem rather playful and ſportive, than ſpeculative, — but in general they

they are to be looked upon by the learned as a detail of ſo many independent facts, all of them turning round ſomehow or other upon the main hinges of his ſubject, and collected by him with great fidelity, and added to his work as ſo many illuſtrations upon the doctrines of noſes.

As we have leiſure enough upon our hands,—if you give me leave, madam, I'll tell you the ninth tale of his tenth decad.

THE END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

2573-426